

# The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1421. Established 1869.

29 July, 1899.

Price Threepence.  
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

## The Literary Week.

THE fact that a new lifeboat on the West Coast of Scotland is not needed has decided the Committee of the William Black Memorial Fund to expend the money subscribed in the erection of a beacon light, to be known as the "William Black Beacon." Such a light is said to be necessary at Duart Point, near the entrance to the Sound of Mull; and that, therefore, is likely to be the site chosen.

A UNIQUE performance of Mrs. Craigie's play, "A Repentance," has been arranged. In August it will be played by Mr. George Alexander's company in the Banqueting Hall of Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight. Mr. Alexander will take his original part of the Count Des Escas, and the music specially written by Sir Hubert Parry will be rendered. Carisbrooke Castle (although the room where Charles I. was imprisoned, and the other parts shown to tourists, are no longer habitable) is in great part in excellent preservation, the Banqueting Hall, where "A Repentance" is to be staged, being a particularly fine apartment.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S new poetical drama, "Osbern and Ursyne," the text of which is printed in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, will be performed this autumn in London by Mr. George Alexander and company at the St. James' Theatre, and at the same time in New York at the Empire Theatre. Sir Hubert Parry is now at work composing the incidental music for the play. Mr. John Lane will publish "Osbern and Ursyne" in book form in time for the performances.

MR. HARDY is said to be meditating putting one of his novels into a sixpenny edition, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is likely to be the one. We should have thought that the novelist's earlier manner was better suited to the democratic form—say *Far from the Madding Crowd* or *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

IN the new *Cornhill* Mr. Stephen Gwynn replies with spirit to Mr. Lang and Mr. Walkley's strictures on his treatment of Miss Austen and sentimentality generally. Therein Mr. Gwynn repeats the wish not to meet Miss Austen in Paradise, and in so doing achieves a rather neat score off one of his critics. He writes: "Mr. Walkley bids me beware of meeting her even in Elysium, for in the next world she will still be formidable. I am sure that she would pass me with the calmest indifference, but I am not sure that Mr. Walkley would get off so lightly. I said she was unlovable, but I did not call her Jane, much less 'the gentle Jane.' I picture to myself Mr. Walkley presenting himself to her with this paragraph from his panegyric as a credential: 'In an age of "sensational" headlines, kinematographs, motor-cars, and boomsters, we could do with a gentle Jane or two.' In such an event the state of Miss Austen's panegyrist would probably be worse than that of her detractor."

IN the very interesting article on Mrs. Oliphant in the new *Quarterly* we have a glimpse of Turgenev, a writer of whom personal glimpses are rare. The novelist visited Mrs. Oliphant in 1879. She described him as "a great giant, with much melancholy, much gentleness of expression. He was not to be hurried, not given to talking much when he had come expressly to converse, but contemplative—oh, a very contemplative, very gentle big man."

HERE is a pretty passage from the same article, which evidently is the work of some near friend: "No picture of Mrs. Oliphant's leisure hours would be complete without mention of her needlework, her dogs, and her flowers. . . . One day Mr. Blackmore, visiting her for the first time, spent the visit in discussing a pear-tree in full fruit which he found in her garden. After rushing to catch his train and getting home, he sat down to write his regrets that the conversation had not been literary, as he had intended. Mrs. Oliphant related this as a triumph of her horticulture."

THE extent of Robert Louis Stevenson's popularity as a novelist may be partially gathered from the table of sales which Messrs. Cassell have compiled. These are the figures, which refer to the editions published at six shillings and three shillings and sixpence:

	Published.	Circulation.
<i>Treasure Island</i> ... ..	1883 ... ..	82,000
<i>Kidnapped</i> ... ..	1886 ... ..	60,000
<i>The Black Arrow</i> ... ..	1888 ... ..	30,000
<i>The Master of Ballantrae</i> ... ..	1889 ... ..	39,000
<i>The Wrecker</i> ... ..	1892 ... ..	29,000
<i>Island Nights' Entertainments</i> ... ..	1892 ... ..	11,000

During the past few months certain of these books have circulated anew at sixpence.

THE catalogue of the late Gleeson White's library, which is now being sold for the benefit of his widow, is in two forms: one strictly to the point, and the other enriched by a portrait of Mr. White and a memoir of him by his friend Prof. York Powell. In this memoir we read:

There are some men whose companionship is eminently helpful, their sympathy being so wide, their judgment so broad, their temper so fine, that one is lifted, as it were, on to a higher plane into serener air while one is with them. Such a man was Gleeson White. It was a refreshment to pass an hour with him, one came away from him with more hope, faith, and charity. The secret of his influence lay in his sincerity, his single-mindedness, the sensitive feelings that enabled him to understand and appreciate the aims and achievements of others, while his amazing and accurate acquaintance with the various means of expression that are employed in literature and the arts enabled him to see precisely what was the line along which any individual development was proceeding. His wit lit up the most serious discussions, and his absolute freedom from all the sordid motives that so often clog men's opinions, his lack of jealousy, and generous delight in other men's work, whether in his own or others' fields, gave his conversation qualities exceptionally rare and valuable to his friends.

MR. HENLEY's indictment of Mr. Andrew Lang as editor of the "Gadshill Dickens"—printed in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for August—has been long in coming but is no less severe and searching for that. We make a few extracts:

The true Dickensite cannot other than consider it [the "Gadshill" edition] with a frowning brow. It is lacking neither in shrewdness nor in generosity—I had almost said enthusiasm. Yet its inspiration is wayward, humoursome, perfunctory: as its effect is largely belittling, and its conclusions are often exasperating. Upon one reader it has left an impression as of work not done by the right man: of work, too, done against the grain, after insufficient preparation, and on principles that shift and change according as the writer's whim is lively and alert or jaded and indifferent.

"Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen," wrote the same artist in quotation [Dick Swiveller] to Kit in jail—"her cup was a fiction, but this is reality (Barclay and Perkins)"; and our wayward Editor, referring his readers to—not Tom Moore and the *Irish Melodies*, but—"a beautiful passage in the fourth book of 'The Odyssey'" (which he cites), goes on to remark that "Mr. Swiveller does not elsewhere display traces of a classical education." How true! And how very like the Aunt of Mr. F.!

And, says he [Mr. Lang], referring to Harold Skimpole: "He is, as usual, overdrawn, no doubt, for men in real life are not incessantly betraying their real characteristics." That may or may not be true of "real life"; but it is certainly not true of the more real life of fiction: as—to name but these—Don Quixote, Trunnion, Captain and Mr. Walter Shandy, Partridge, Colonel Bath, the Rev. Mr. Collins, Monkbarrow, Dugald Dalgetty, that delightful Baron whose cognisance was a Bear, Costigan, Major Pendennis, exist to show.

Why does he call, too, *The Tale of Two Cities* by so ugly and discrediting a name as "melodrama"? I think he would rather die than so describe either *Ivanhoe* or the *Mousquetaires*; yet the description would fit both better than it fits the *Tale*.

It appears to be the case that "prejudice . . . of education, country, and training" accounts for his half-heartedness, and stoops him to the yoke of Thackeray and Walter Scott. Nay, it wanders him to worse purpose yet; for it even makes him say that, if he could oblige the dead to break their unending sleep, he would rather, far rather, meet not only "him that sleeps in Dryburgh"—which is natural and pious enough—but him "to whose room came Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan with their noiseless swagger." Something I know of Dumas; and what he'd think of Mr. Lang, and what Mr. Lang would think of him, and how their interview would end—these, O these are topics, "Spirit searching, light abandoned, much too vast to enter on" at this stage of these Notes.

MR. LANG, we suppose, will reply: it is his *métier*, or one of his *métiers*; and we shall read his reply with interest. To differ about Dickens is as common as to differ about Mr. Gladstone; and Mr. Lang's opinion is not necessarily less correct than Mr. Henley's. We remember feeling that there was danger ahead when the intimation was made that Mr. Lang was to edit Dickens; but we felt then, and still feel, that it is the publishers who are to blame, more than the editor of their choice, if the "Gadshill Dickens" lacks reverence in the eyes of the true lover of Dickens (we cannot follow Mr. Henley to the point of saying "Dickensite"). This applies, of course, to the Introductions. As far as the notes go, we fear that Mr. Lang stands convicted again and again. Anyway, the true lover of Dickens will certainly be glad of Mr. Henley's spirited defence. Two literary tasks are now before that gentleman: an edition of Dickens done in the right spirit, and a report of the conversation between Mr. Lang and Dumas *père*.

A CORRESPONDENT, "B. B.," sends us a long letter suggesting that some literary man of good taste should edit an "Anthology of Minor Poetry." "It seems," he

writes, "to be as true to-day as ever that 'all waters flow to the sea'; and while the public attention is naturally taken up with those who dwell on Mount Olympus, there are many toilers up the slopes whose verse, while, perhaps, lacking the divine afflatus, still exhibits merit worthy of recognition." Our correspondent then appends several quotations from the work of such poets as he would wish to be represented in the book. We do not repeat them, because poets, we have observed, have an invincible dislike to be called "minor"; but we may say that the passages are good—indeed, so well chosen as to convince us that our correspondent himself is well qualified to act as editor. Those with whom ideas originate are often the best persons to give them shape. But he will be wise, we think, to omit the word "minor" from his title.

APPROPOS of the Minor Muse, we find in Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's little collection of parodies, entitled *Other People's Wings*, which the Unicorn Press has just published at the very reasonable price of sixpence, an address to that Lady which is one of the happiest things in a volume noticeable for its verbal felicities and straightforward thinking. This is it:

#### TO THE MINOR MUSE.

Out of the light of the age,  
An age of superior things,  
I call unabashed unto thee,  
O little Muse of the valley.

Scorn for the simple pipe,  
The trivial trite tune  
That a man may make in his youth,  
Is the fashion with all the world;

A fashion dear to the cheap  
Young supercilious scribe,  
Also, to wits and wags,  
And every honest fool.

So that thy numerous sons,  
Sired by the windy Spring,  
Bristle, or blush, or blench  
At a hint of their parentage.

But little Muse of mine,  
They err who have shame in thee,  
And grievously do they err  
Who bandy thy name when they scoff.

For comely art thou, and wise,  
And affluent of heart,  
White are thy feet by the brooks,  
And pleasant thy voice in the vines.

Thy Sister, the beautiful-brow'd,  
Calm friend of them that endure,  
Loveth thee from her heights,  
And wherefore not we, who are naught?

THE death of Col. Robert Ingersoll means very little in England, where lurid atheism is, out of Hyde Park, unpopular. English editions of most of his writings may be had, but their influence cannot have been extensive. In America, however, where Ingersoll delivered many orations, he was a power. Oratory was essentially his proper vehicle: he had great command of vigorous language and was a master of effective platform methods. Indeed, Ward Beecher once introduced him to a public meeting in these words: "On the ground of a pure patriotism, of a pure humanity, and of a living faith in liberty, I give to him the right hand of fellowship. Let me introduce to you a man who, I say not flatteringly, but with sincere conviction, is the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue in any land on the globe." His private life, we believe, was spotless, and that he considered himself a warrior in the battle for Truth we believe too. But the disturber of the simple faith of simple folk plays a horrible part.



Mr. F. J. GOULD, writing in the *Literary Guide*, repeats this story from an Indiana paper: "Colonel Ingersoll, while walking in front of the hotel yesterday, was approached by 'Rooster,' the cross-eyed little newsboy, who is about two feet high, and a most forlorn-looking little fellow. 'Take a paper, sir?' he asked, holding one up to the gigantic Pagan; 'take a paper, sir? All about Ingersoll.' 'Ingersoll!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'what's Ingersoll been doing?' 'I dunno, sir,' said Rooster helplessly, 'but something orful, I expect.' The Colonel took the paper, and gave the boy seventy-five cents as a reward for his unconscious humour."

MISS HETHERINGTON's valuable *Index to Periodicals* has now been published for 1898. Every year the task becomes more onerous. In 890, for example, 64 pages sufficed; for 1891, 74; for 1892, 109; and so on, the new volume running to 241 pages. In her introduction Miss Hetherington writes: "What is wanted to inaugurate the new century bibliographically is first some annual complete general record of contemporary literature, but secondly and thirdly an annual classified catalogue of contemporary books with a subject-index of the main contents of the books all incorporated in one alphabet." No one could carry through such a project better than Miss Hetherington herself.

DEAN FARRAR's school story, *Eric; or, Little by Little*, has just been issued in a sixpenny edition by Messrs. Black. The following bibliographical note gives a good idea of its popularity: "Published Nov. 1858; reprinted Dec. 1858, Feb. 1859, Nov. 1859, Nov. 1861, Oct. 1862, May 1864, Nov. 1865, Feb. 1867, May 1868, Sept. 1869, Nov. 1870, Jan. 1873, July 1874, Sept. 1875, Dec. 1876, April 1878, Sept. 1879, Jan. 1881, July 1882, Sept. 1883, July 1885, June 1887, Sept. 1896, Sept. 1897, Dec. 1898. New Illustrated Edition published Nov. 1889; reprinted March 1891, Aug. 1892, Oct. 1894."

M. ZOLA, having *Fécondité* off his hands, is considering the shape in which to cast his novel on the Dreyfus case. But according to Mr. Vizetelly's exercise in Boswellism, *With Zola in England*, a novel on English life is also to come, and there is also the social series, of which *Fécondité* is the first, to complete; so that M. Zola has plenty of work in store for him. He is likely, indeed, to be very busy for some time to come, particularly as the embarrassments attaching to the position of a French popular idol are probably to be his directly the Dreyfus case is over.

In the "Temple Classics," Mr. Dent's series of good literature for the pocket, Sterne's *Sentimental Journal* has just been issued. In looking through it our eyes fell on the word Rennes, a name just now in every one's mind as the spot selected to see the rebirth of honour in France; the spot where, if justice is still possible, Caytain Dreyfus will make good his right again to receive his sword. It was at Rennes, we then noticed, that, nearly a century and a half ago, Sterne witnessed the return of his sword to the Marquis d'E\*\*\*\*. The Marquis, our readers will not object to be reminded, had come upon evil days, and he decided that there was no way out but commerce. So to the Court he delivered up his sword, for the State to keep it until he could reclaim it. It happened that Sterne was in Rennes when the Marquis returned to make this reclamation:

The Marquis enter'd the court with his whole family: he supported his lady——his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother——he put his handkerchief to his face twice——

—There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approach'd within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three

steps before his family—he reclaim'd his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he look'd attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it——I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some other way to get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he return'd his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walk'd out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

And that other soldier whose sword also must be handed to him again—metaphorically, at any rate: there will be many, we trust, to envy his feelings too.

In the second act of Strindberg's drama *The Father*, of which an English translation has just been published—to which we allude elsewhere this week—there is either an instance of literary borrowing or a striking literary coincidence. The Captain is addressing Laura, who has commented on his tears. "Yes, I am crying," he says, "although I am a man. But has not a man eyes? Has not a man hands, limbs, senses, opinions, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt by the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a woman is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh?" And so forth. Remembering the tremendous force which the same words, or nearly the same, have as spoken by Shylock, we wonder that Strindberg borrowed them for the new situation. But perhaps he did not borrow them at all.

A HINT as to influence upon life which novels can exercise may be gained from an article in the *Pottery Gazette*, where the novelists are taken to task for neglecting the potter and the potter's art, to the detriment of the potter's fame. If only well-treated in fiction the potter might win as prominent place in the public eye as, say, the professional cricketer. Instead, he is passed by. Dickens neglected him, Charles Reade neglected him, Stevenson, Mr. Haggard, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Blackmore, and Mr. Kipling—all have left him out of their books. On the other hand, we would remind the *Pottery Gazette*, the potter's place in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is an important one.

THE vigilance of our readers is unfailing. Last week we quoted the following announcement of a country clergyman in his parish magazine: "The ancient oak chest belonging to the parish has been restored and placed in the schoolroom. It is over 200 years old. If any parishioners have books or articles of public interest which they would like to give to the parish, and hand down to posterity, they will be welcomed by the rector and churchwardens, and deposited in the chest." And now comes a card from a novelist, asking pertinently, we must admit: "What have the parishioners done to be deposited in a chest 200 years old?"

In connexion with the Literary "Learics" which are printed on our Prize Competition page, it might be mentioned that the *London Letter* is now offering its readers an amusing series of political "Learics," which both in picture and verse follow closely the classical examples in the *Book of Nonsense*.

MR. JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, a new American writer of short stories, chiefly with a journalistic flavour, tells the following reminiscence of his beginnings as a member of

the Fourth Estate. Like so many other young men who have the true literary spirit, he began with reverence. In his own words:

When I first came to *Scribner's Magazine* I was a walking interrogation point. The editor would toss a letter across the table just like a common piece of paper, saying: "Here's a letter from Kipling. It's all right." It might as well have been a note from his tailor.

I stood by and shivered at the sacrilege. And the typewriters! They would pound out letters to Meredith, Stockton, James, Howells, and Kipling, just as they might have done to me, without changing a feature or missing a punctuation mark, and I marvelled at their nerve. One day a stout, middle-aged man brushed by me in the office. We begged each other's pardon.

"Hold on a minute," called the editor; "I want to speak to you, Howells."

"Is that Howells?" I asked the office-boy.

"Sure."

"Mr. Howells?"

"Yes."

"Mr. W. D. Howells?"

"Cert."

"Mr. William Dean Howells?"

"The same."

And I softly caressed the sleeve that the novelist had brushed against, as if it had been touched by a saint.

But the feeling, Mr. Williams adds, wore off after a time. And now he is an author himself.

In a letter from Mr. James Drummond, concerning a *Kilmarnock Burns*, which we printed last week, the name of Mr. Stillie, the Edinburgh bookseller, was printed Stille.

## Bibliographical.

"SIR WALTER" will soon be one of the most edited of authors. In the old days it was considered sufficient to reprint the Waverley novels in all sorts of sizes, bindings, and prices, without any further introduction than the name and fame of Scott afforded. But latterly we have changed all that. In 1893-94 Scott was "introduced" to a degenerate public by Mr. Andrew Lang; last year Mr. Clement Shorter supplied an edition of the novels with "bibliographical notes"; and now we are told that Dr. Garnett has undertaken to supervise yet another edition. I am glad to observe, by the way, that though we have taken to editing Sir Walter, we have ceased for the moment to "abridge" him. Miss Braddon performed this office in 1881 for a certain number of the novels, but I believe the project was never carried to completion. In 1886 came an abridgment of *Kenilworth* for the use of schools, and then, in 1888, an abridgment of *The Talisman*. I do not say that Scott does not bear "cutting" here and there, for he was apt to be slow and perfunctory in his movement; but so many readers, happily or unhappily, have acquired the art of "skipping," that abridgments, nowadays, seem an unnecessary luxury.

So we are to have a memoir of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the popular players; and from the pen of Mr. Edgar Pemberton. The wonder is that we have not had it before. Mrs. Kendal has favoured us with her *Dramatic Opinions* (reprinted from *Murray's Magazine*), and very readable they were; but they were very slight in the biographical sense, and in that respect Mr. Pemberton will have no difficulty in improving upon them. Unhappily, he has already dealt with the early history of Mrs. Kendal's family in his memoir of her brother, T. W. Robertson (1893); and there is a good deal about the Kendals, too, in his account of *John Hare, Comedian* (1895), Mr. Hare and the Kendals having been associated between 1875 and 1888. Still, I have no doubt Mr. Pemberton will be able to say about both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal a good deal that is fresh and interesting. Though most of his time, I believe, is, or has been, given up to commerce, he is an enthusiast

for the stage, and has for a long time acted as critic of the theatre for one of the Birmingham daily papers.

Talking of players, I see that Mr. George P. Hawtreys has written a novel which Mr. Arrowsmith will publish. Mr. Hawtreys has always been one of the most literary of actors. He comes, as most people know, of good academic stock, and no one who knew him was surprised when, some years ago, he wrote a classical burlesque on the subject of *Atalanta*, which was duly produced at the Strand Theatre. Since then short stories and sketches from his pen have been in evidence in many journalistic quarters. Actors and actresses, in truth, are becoming formidable rivals of the professional men and women of letters. They "throw off" novels and poems in the intervals between theatrical engagements, and, to that extent, some of them are never "resting." When they are not on the stage they are in the study, always "picking up gold and silver" wherever they may be.

Do we want another biography of John Wesley? Mr. H. D. Lowry would seem to think so, or he would not have taken it in hand. But, really, assuming that Southey's memoir is inadequate and out of date, what is to become of its numerous successors? The centenary in 1891 brought with it not only new editions of the *Life* by Southey, and of the *Life and Times* by Tyerman, but new monographs by James Ellis, Edith Kenyon, and others, to say nothing of one or two anonymous volumes and also *Wesley His Own Biographer*, a book compiled from Wesley's letters and journals. Previous to 1890-91 there were the *Lives* by Bevan, J. W. Kirton, Matthew Lieuvre, R. Green, John Telford, Atkinson, and so on. On the whole, John Wesley has been one of the most "biographed" of men.

It is pleasant to know that the late Principal Caird's lectures on *Natural Religion* will have for preface a memoir of the author, from the pen of his brother, the Master of Balliol. Personally I am for reducing the number of biographies, but John Caird's personality and career were among those that really deserve to be celebrated. I do not believe that anything he wrote will live as literature, but he was in his time a great influence in Scotland, and that influence has since been extended—through the agency of those whom he impressed—to many quarters of the globe. Whatever he may have been as professor or as Principal, he was essentially a preacher, and one who attracted and delighted thinking and feeling people. I feel quite sorry for those who have never heard John Caird speaking, at his best, from the "poopit." Though he was not precisely a "man of letters," his sermons had a very agreeable literary tone and flavour.

One cannot help regretting that Lady Betty Balfour's monograph concerning the late Lord Lytton should be confined to the incidents of his Indian Viceroyalty. There is another case in which the biography of a man ought to be written. Lord Lytton the Viceroy is a very interesting, and even piquant, figure; but why not tell us something about "Owen Meredith" the verse writer, and Robert Lytton the diplomatist? The second Lord Lytton had not the versatility of his father, but he was the more engaging of the two. "Bulwer" never did magnetise, but "Owen Meredith" (within limits) does. One would like to have the story of Robert, Lord Lytton, told in full. He must have been a very clever letter-writer when he chose.

There should be a public for the facsimile reproduction of *The Germ* which Mr. Stock announces. The story of the short-lived serial has been told over and over again, fragmentarily or otherwise, in such books as Rossetti's *Letters*, Mrs. Wood's *Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, and so forth; and yet uncommonly few have ever "set eyes" upon a copy of the remarkable periodical. That Mr. W. M. Rossetti should edit and "introduce" the facsimile is right enough, for did he not originally edit the later issues of *The Germ*, albeit he was only twenty years of age at the time? No doubt he has a good deal of interesting information to convey.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## The Cornish Poet.

*The Poetical Works of R. S. Hawker.* Edited, with Preface and Bibliography, by Alfred Wallis. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker is a very interesting and vigorous minor poet. Now, "minor poet" is a much-abused word. When the modern reviewer wishes to give a mere versifier a "soft dismissal from the skies" he calls him a minor poet. It signifies that the reviewer (rightly or wrongly) thinks him merely a clever versifier. In other words, he uses it as a euphemism for "poetaster." And since the average modern reviewer is "scoary" (as our American brethren say) of pronouncing any recent poet to be really distinguished, lest he should happen to guess wrong, all recent poets are likewise called "minor poets." It follows that, since "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," "new



ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

poet" and "poetaster" are convertible terms. That is not quite what the reviewer intended; but it is a logical conclusion for the man in the street to draw, and really not so far from the average reviewer's private thoughts. Nor yet far from the truth. Three-fifths of new poets have ever been poetasters. The pity is that the average reviewer has not the judgment or courage to distinguish the remaining two-fifths; and, above all, that he should cover his lack of discernment or courage by abusing the old term "minor poet." It means a true poet who, from varying causes, falls into what one may call the subaltern rank of poetry. Or perhaps rather a rank below that of General—since there are various degrees of General, both official and dependent on earned reputation. True minor poets may be divided into two classes—professional and unprofessional. Professional minor poets may again be subdivided into those who have cultivated small powers to an exquisite degree—such as Herrick, Collins, Gray—and those whose careers have been *manqués*, in spite of great powers, through defective taste. Such were Crashaw, Cowley, and perhaps Donne—men who would have been much more than minor poets had their great gifts been controlled by a corresponding aesthetic sense. Even now their affluence of power would suffice most living artistic poets for a reputation. The unprofessional minor poets may be subdivided into those, like Raleigh, who were content to cast off some two or three small poems in the course of an externally active life, but those few admirable; on the other hand, those who have written not less copiously than the professional poets, but seldom with equal effect. To the latter class Stephen Hawker belongs. What he would have been as a professional poet it is difficult to surmise. Probably he was too interested in external life ever to have been a poet by profession: his verse was purely accidental. It is true that even with the great professional poet his poems are an accident, the overflow of a brimful life and mind. As a singer of the highest rank once said to the present writer, "a poet should be much greater than his poetry." The difference is that such a man's poems are the distillation of his life. The verses of a Hawker are mere careless rills from his life. It is the scope between the trickle of

casual runnels and the convergent rush of a few great rivers. Hawker wrote almost as much, quite as *too* much, as Wordsworth, without Wordsworth's lifelong concentration of aim and study. What could come of it but amassed mediocrity? Yet, because of what was really in the man, now and again he found himself, in spite of himself, in spite of his anti-poetic method; his personality broke its way into verse, and the result was a poem—beyond all room for doubt, a living poem.

For Hawker had a personality, a very singular, arresting personality; and our one quarrel with this otherwise excellently edited book is that the Memoir does not bring it out. We have all the essential facts of his life, as carefully as biographer could desire. We do not get at one essential fact of his character. Yet his character is most necessary to the appreciation of his poetry. You would think he was merely a cultivated, conscientious, hard-working country parson, devoted to his duties and his people, with a taste for poetry in his leisure hours. All that he was. But all that many another vicar is. What he was more than this is just what makes Hawker the poet, as distinct from Hawker the excellent clergyman. We should have been given some glimpse of the stalwart, athletic Cornish parson, mingling with the fishermen of the beach in a half sea-garb, as much at home with them as with the poets, enamoured of the sea and all open-air pursuits; yet, shot through this brave, open character, a most curious, at first sight antithetical texture of mysticism, verging even towards superstition—probably no less Cornish than the rest; for who says Cornish says Celtic. He believed in the evil eye, and would recount how this or that old dame displayed all the tokens of it. Now all this serves to explain the very remarkable dual texture of his poetry. One finds the same antithesis in a certain detail of his life. He found himself stranded in his career at the University, without funds to continue his education. What did this chivalrous, poetic-minded native of Plymouth, Drake's Plymouth, do? He went off and proposed to a lady some years his elder, who had money; was accepted, married her, and continued his studies at the University. It was a quite happy marriage; but exhibits the singular blending of two characters in this most picturesque man. There are not a few people who can fall decently in love with any woman they please, provided she be amiable and capable of personal attachment to them. It is a character rare in poets; but Hawker would seem to have been one of the exceptions. Why should he not, on the principle of the Northern farmer, fall in love where the money was? He saw no reason why he should not; and since he wanted the money, he did.

These two sides of Hawker—the *plein air* and the mystical—emerge most strikingly in his poetry, as we have intimated. We are not aware of any such remarkable combination in the whole range of literature. Within a few pages of this book you can find it all exemplified in its seeming discordance. He caught the spirit of the old ballads and songs with striking success, if it may not rather be said that he belonged by nature to their class. There is a rare vigour and masculinity in his productions of this kind. The famous "Song of the Western Men" was actually taken for an antique by Scott, Macaulay, and others, though only its refrain was old. "Sir Beville" is another ballad with the true martial ring; or take this fine song, grimly spirited, full of the salt sea wind:

## A CROON OF HENNAcliffe.

Thus said the rushing raven  
Unto his hungry mate:  
"Ho! gossip! for Bude Haven,  
There be corpses six or eight.  
Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper  
Are wallowing in the sea,  
So there's a savoury supper  
For my old dame and me

"Cawk! gaffer! thou art dreaming,  
The shore hath wreckers bold;  
Would rend the yelling seamen  
From the clutching billows' hold.  
Cawk! cawk! they'd bound for booty  
Into the dragon's den,  
And shout for 'death or duty'  
If the prey were drowning men."

Loud laughed the listening surges  
At the guess our grandame gave:  
You might call them Boanerges  
From the thunder of their wave.  
And mockery followed after  
The sea-bird's jeering brood,  
That filled the skies with laughter  
From Lundy Light to Bude.

"Cawk! cawk!" then said the raven,  
"I am fourscore years and ten,  
Yet never in Bude Haven  
Did I croak for rescued men.  
They will save the Captain's girdle,  
And shirt, if shirt there be,  
But leave their blood to curdle  
For my old dame and me."

So said the rushing raven  
Unto his hungry mate:  
"Ho! gossip! for Bude Haven,  
There be corpses six or eight.  
Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper  
Are wallowing in the sea,  
O what a savoury supper  
For my old dame and me!"

Or read that swinging hunting-ballad which tells how

On the ninth of November, in the year fifty-two,  
Three jolly foxhunters, all sons of true blue,  
They rode from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,  
To take their diversion with Arcott of Tetcott.

Then turn to "Aishah Shechinah," a mystical poem of wonderful power and beauty, and be amazed that it should have come from the same mind. Or let us quote another such poem, "King Arthur's Waes-Hael." It should be explained that the wine was drawn with straws from a bowl, the cover of it domed to represent a woman's breast.

Waes-hael for knight and dame!  
O! merry be their dole;  
Drink-hael! in Jesu's name  
We fill the tawny bowl;  
But cover down the curving crest,  
Mould of the Orient Lady's breast.

Waes-hael! yet lift no lid:  
Drain ye the reeds for wine.  
Drink-hael! the milk was hid  
That soothed that Babe divine;  
Hushed, as this hollow channel flows,  
He drew the balsam from the rose.

Waes-hael! thus glowed the breast  
Where a God yearned to cling;  
Drink-hael! so Jesu pressed  
Life from its mystic spring;  
Then hush, and bend in reverent sign  
And breathe the thrilling reeds for wine.

Waes-hael! in shadowy scene,  
Lo! Christmas-children we;  
Drink-hael! behold we lean  
At a far Mother's knee;  
To dream that thus her bosom smiled,  
And learn the lip of Bethlehem's Child.

Such a bold yet reverent blending of sacred and profane is altogether imaginative, and mediæval rather than modern in spirit. Space would fail us to quote all that strikes us in these remarkable poems. They deserve to be widely known by all lovers of literature, who are willing to undergo the labour of search among a mass (it must be confessed) of often lengthy mediocrity, hardly paralleled outside Wordsworth.

## A Gay Tragedy.

*Thibaw's Queen.* By H. Fielding. (Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

HERE is a tragedy that one reads with halting laughter. Thibaw was not twenty years of age when he became King of Burma and lord of all white elephants; Mebya, his queen, was nineteen. Boy and girl they had grown up together; boy and girl they governed Burma in the intervals of ball-play and private theatricals. And then one morning steamboats came, steaming fast—

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?—

and the king stopped playing, and the queen threw herself on the palace floor and cried her little eyes out.

It is scarce fifteen years since we annexed Burma and carried Thibaw to India, yet no one has made close inquiry into the life of splendour and fatuity which these young people lived in the gilded palace at Mandalay. No one, until Mr. Fielding saw in the tragedy a new Arabian Nights tale. "It seemed from all I could hear that it would be more like looking a thousand years back into the days of the charmed Bagdad than hearing a tale of yesterday. The whole atmosphere was full of hidden loves and secret murders, of plots and counter plots, of passion and of colour, such as we know not now." How to find the thread? There were no documents, or newspapers, or volumes of reminiscences. At last Mr. Fielding found one who knew.

"She was a maid of honour." This may seem to throw a backstairs and dubious light upon the story; but the author of that penetrating study of Burmese character and creed entitled *The Soul of a People* is not likely to be deceived in matters of fact; and Mr. Fielding's long judicial experience is an even more practical guarantee that these statements are true in substance. "She had been maid of honour to the queen for four years, up to the last moment of the surrender. . . . It is true that she had been but a child then; she was only thirteen when Mandalay was taken; she saw but with childish eyes, heard but with childish ears." Mr. Fielding wisely gives us the maid's own words as much as possible; and alike when the child is speaking or the man is interpreting the story is naïve and limpid and unique.

There were five or six hundred maids of honour to Mebya, and this little daughter of a Chinese contractor, who joined the throng in her ninth year, was as proud and happy as any. You would swear to her lisp and dancing eyes when she tells how the queen allowed each of her maids of honour nine new silk skirts a month. "Skirts got spoiled in many ways, playing hide-and-seek in the palace gardens, and feeding the fishes—you were never allowed to wear an old skirt, even to go boating in; it was always necessary to be smart before the queen." The hide-and-seek was great fun, but it did not do to find the queen, and so

"the maids of honour would go wandering about and looking in all the wrong places."

"What happened if any one was rash enough to find the queen?" I asked. The girl laughed. It appears that when she first went to the palace and played hide-and-seek she found the queen. "For, indeed, it was easy enough. I could see her kneeling down on a little hill behind a clump of bamboos. Every one who looked could see. I went up and found her. I thought I was very clever."

"And then?"

"She boxed my ears. She was angry."

Three times a year there was a water festival. The King of Burma and his pages threw water at the Queen of Burma and her maids of honour, and they threw water back. "We got very wet, and we were not allowed to wear old dresses, but quite new ones. They were all spoilt, of course." There was a low bamboo barrier



separating the king and his pages from the queen's party.

"And did the ministers and pages never cross over the barrier?"

"If any minister or page had crossed the barrier he would have been executed right off. No one did, of course. No, girls never crossed to the men's side. How can you ask such questions, Thakin? The barrier was put up to prevent it."

Still it was difficult to avoid being executed sometimes. One day the queen lost her little dog. It was a tiny dog of the "Flossie" type; it had long silky hair. Search was made, and at last Flossie was found squeezed to death behind a large new mirror, one of several which had just been placed in the palace by soldiers. Disgraceful carelessness! The queen said she would have all those soldiers executed immediately.

"Maung, Maung," said the queen to the king, "I do not think your soldiers are any better than animals, or they would not have let my little dog die like this. They ought to be executed."

But the king patted her shoulder again.

"You are angry now, Su, Su, but you would be dreadfully sorry to-morrow if you had a lot of men killed because of your dog. See, now, it was only an accident."

But the queen was very angry, and moved away towards the palace to give the order to have the men executed, and the king went with her, speaking soothing words to her as she went. We all looked at each other in fear and followed behind, horrified at what the queen proposed to do. We all hoped that the king would succeed in quieting the queen. And he did. . . . Then the little dog was buried in the garden, and soon we forgot all about him and the narrow escape the men had who put mirrors in the palace."

Twice a year the king scrambled rupees among his soldiers and attendants, who tumbled over each other in their greed. "We all used to laugh; the king and queen and everybody laughed till they could not laugh any more." And once the king and queen thought they would cook their own dinner! The king learned to boil rice quite nicely, and the queen to make cakes like Japanese women. "Ah, Thakin, it was pleasant in the palace in those days." They were so young, this king and queen, and think of their portion! The palace, built by King Mindon, was ablaze with red and gold; all of gold were the *façade*, the pillars, and the great spire called "the centre of the universe." The throne room was supported on pillars of the finest teak; and all the state rooms were gilded and carved. The palace gardens contained lakes full of lotus and lilies; and the odours of champak and jasmine blew from alley to alley. Beyond lay the Irrawaddy, and the hills of Sagaing crowned with pagodas. And what of the sunsets, and what of the moonlight, and what of the tinkly temple bells?

It would have been paradise but for politics. On the death of King Mindon in 1878 Thibaw had been taken from a monastery and pushed on the throne by the queen-mother, who then executed his brothers. Mebya, burning with love and jealousy, had thrust her elder sister out of the position of head queen. Thibaw regretted his rivals, Mebya feared hers. A cruel and sleepless watch she kept. Her queenship, which began when she was nineteen and ended when she was twenty-six, was a fight for her own hand. Gradually the old wise ministers of King Mindon fell away: Mebya snubbed them one by one. "Who is a minister to order such a thing?" the girl-queen would say with flashing eyes; "let him go!" And so the minister went to his country house, and his department went to the dogs. Crime increased. Plots multiplied.

And the boy king was not always good. One evening he was led away by some of his pages, and got miserably drunk—he who had been a monk, and who still loved the pagoda!—he was ashamed of himself. But he had worse tempters. There was his old schoolfellow, the Yenaung

prince; what a reprobate he was you may guess by the use he made of electricity:

He had electric bells fitted up from his room to the rooms of the wives, one bell to each, and when he wanted any particular wife he just touched her bell and she came running quickly. He did this so that the other wives should not know who was with him and be jealous. They only heard a bell ring somewhere, but they could not tell who it was the prince favoured. If he wanted them all he rang all the bells, and there was a noise as of a tempest of ringing, and girls came running from all their many rooms.

This Yenaung prince introduced the king to a young and pretty girl, the daughter of the Wun of Kanni, and chuckled when he saw that the king's love was captured. The girl, dressed as a page, was introduced into the male side of the palace. For months she lay hidden, and the king came to her daily, and Mebya knew nothing. Yet the girl was doing all she could to endanger Mebya's position as queen. At last the queen heard all, and "in a thought, in a moment, before the king had even time to realise that he was discovered, before the girl and her people had time to escape, the girl and her father, and all those who had taken part in the plot, were seized and executed." A little later the Yenaung prince himself died of a fever; it was the queen who called it "fever." Events like this—and there were many such—undoubtedly ruffled the happiness of the king and queen. But the king was for a quiet life, and the queen had a buoyant heart, and so "in the intervals between the plots and the assassinations they played. They ran about the gardens and hid in the thickets, and laughed with the abandon of children."

The queen was but wise in her own conceit; she feared calamity from within; it came from without. She connected it with love; it rose out of the duty on teak. There were other things: *vide* the Blue Books. But the teak trouble was uppermost. The Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, Limited, had a lease of some teak forests in Upper Burma. It felled and exported teak under certain conditions and on payment of a duty. In 1884 the Burmese Government accused the Company of infringing the rules as to the size of the timber cut, causing a heavy loss to the revenue. There was an inquiry, and the Burmese Government ordered the Company to refund the missing revenue, and also pay a fine of a quarter of a million sterling. The Company refused, and was supported by the British Government. The war cloud grew and grew. The golden palace at Mandalay was given over to councils and embittered differences of opinion. If the Sinpyu-maslim, the queen-mother, who had given this boy and girl their throne, could have prevailed, there would have been no war. If the venerable Kinwun Mingyi could have stood against the mocking words of Mebya there would have been no war. If Thibaw and Mebya had possessed the smallest knowledge of what they were doing there would have been no war.

The little maid of honour lay ill, and her mother was with her, when one day she heard a deep sound. "There was no sign of any thunder. I could not make it out. . . . My mother said: 'Did you hear no sounds?' and I said: 'Yes; a sound as of thunder far away.' Then she told me it was the great guns of the English firing down the river." Meanwhile the queen had learned the truth. Under a tamarind tree in the glorious gardens of her palace, Mebya had coaxed from a few children the facts which every official had conspired to keep from her ears. Children told her of her doom. She was herself a child in knowledge. A child's memory has preserved the story of her brief splendour. The whole tragedy is childish, pretty and pitiful, and of small account. But as a tale for the chimney corner it is good hearing, and Mr. Fielding is to be thanked for giving it to the world. His book is the lightest reading, yet its charm and pathos are haunting.

## An Amateur of Religion.

*The Message and Position of the Church of England.* By Arthur Galton. With a Preface on the Royal Supremacy, by J. Henry Shorthouse. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.)

THE author of this book, who on the title-page writes himself down Curate of Windermere, is a man endowed by nature with a taste for theological speculation, and by hazard with a sufficiency of this world's goods to render him free to indulge it. Soon after graduating at Cambridge the methods of Roman controversy captured his imagination, and he submitted himself to the authority of the Pope. He was ordained priest in 1880 by Dr. Ullathorne, and resided at Oscott as professor of something till 1885; then he retired from the exercise of his sacerdotal office and entered again into university life at New College, Oxford. With some success and distinction he pursued the study of history. Now, fourteen years after his abandonment of his priestly office, he has offered himself for the ministry of the Anglican Church. The path of his deliberate wanderings is sufficiently unusual to be interesting to a looker-on, and we may say of him what we should say of few religious eccentrics, that he was justified in writing a book.

Of Mr. Galton's Apologia it may be said, in the first place, that it is free from the personalities and pettiness which before now we have had occasion to deprecate in the controversial writings of quondam priests. Persons who are curious as to the menus and wine lists of the presbytery, or the demoralising influence of the confessional, will search this volume in vain. The Curate of Windermere writes as an historical student, if not always very temperately. He presents you with a bird's-eye view of ecclesiastical history as he sees it. Within the compass of his 250 pages he could do no more. He sees the Christian world divided into patriarchates; sees the Roman patriarchate predominant in virtue both of the city's temporal lordship and of its importance as the great clearing-house and market-place of the nations. He sees Rome presently cut off from the East, and from the Greek spirit and literature; little by little he sees the spirit of Christianity overwhelmed and stifled by the genius of the City. A hard, mercenary mind—the mind of the papal Curia—is concentrated always upon the effort to gain wealth, and on the basis of spiritual powers divinely committed to consolidate a temporal empire. So the courtesy title of one generation is asserted to vindicate a new prerogative in the next. To a like end the forged Donation of Constantine; to a like end are heaped up the False Decretals. On every hand, in every nation of the West, the Pope by his agents is busy. In every diocese the authority of the Ordinary is undermined by intrusive battalions of monks and friars subject directly to the Holy See, and by it endowed with spiritual powers that must leave the parochial clergy by comparison impotent. The Pope is found exercising more and more influence over parochial and provincial affairs, till the bestowal of all benefices, all bishoprics, is almost absolutely conceded to him, as of divine right. Meanwhile, in learning and physical science a darkness that may be felt. The witness of such a Church, accepted at its own price by Newman and his followers, the Curate of Windermere laughs to scorn. The mediæval Church "is out of court as an authority solely on the plea of ignorance."

Western Europe, composed of young and barbarous peoples, was shut up within itself for nearly a thousand years, with only a debased form of Latin and a few scattered shreds of knowledge as its only inheritance from the great past. Naturally, in this ignorant isolation, its point of view was narrowed and distorted. . . . Those ages could only look at the past through themselves and their own experiences. They applied this curious and wrong perspective to every species of knowledge: to their theology no less than to their science and their history. . . . The heroes of Greece and Rome, the characters of the Old

and New Testaments, wore the clothes and spoke the language of the Middle Ages. . . . The mediæval point of view is full of interest, and is perpetually charming; but we must allow for it when we pass on to serious criticism. . . . We all have allowed for it in classical history and literature. We have by no means all escaped from it in theology or in church government. Nor shall we escape until we realise that the papal claims, the Donation of Constantine, and all that depends on them, are precisely on the same level, and of as much or as little value as any other mediæval interpretations of history and the classics.

The Anglican reformers, therefore, were most wonderfully right when, in the grey dawn of the new learning, they cast boldly back to the earliest ages and made their appeal to the consensus of the undivided Church and, ultimately, to the testimony of Holy Writ. And that, says Mr. Galton (surely lapsing for a moment from the Greek spirit which he so commends), "there can be no doubt whatever, excludes the very notion of a Papacy." He is at some pains, however, to discredit the majestic sentence that circles the dome of St. Peter's—"May not that have something to do with it?" asked Thackeray of a friend, who had expressed his British wonder at the endurance of Roman authority: "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam." He impresses upon us that while *πέτρα* means a rock, *πέτρος* is a mere boulder; only he should not have forgotten to explain how that distinction might have been pointed in the Aramaic original speech. But it is a tedious old controversy, and on the whole we rejoice that Mr. Galton has found time, since his Oscott days, to forget the other "Petrine" speeches and the grounds of the asserted predominance of Peter in the narrative of the New Testament.

But what of the "message and position" of the Church of England? They cannot be given more fairly than in the author's own words:

The Roman clergy, as a whole, are almost as ignorant of Greek now as they were before Erasmus; and their Vaticanism has made them even more bitterly opposed than they were at the Renaissance both to the methods of Greek thought and to the masters of Greek theology. . . . If Russia become civilised and hold together, her Church must become civilised with her. We may see a large, learned, and zealous Greek Church again, after five centuries of oppression. If so, Rome will find on one flank of herself such a rival as, for size, unity, and unanswerable arguments against the Papacy, she has never known. On the other flank, I hope she may find a strong, united Church of all the English-speaking peoples, worthy to represent the British Empire and the United States on their spiritual side. This I conceive to be the true Message and Position of the English Church, and her Mission to the world.

And so, when the Russian Orthodox Church and the Church of England shall have closed in upon and finally raised the rotten edifice of Trent and Pius IX. the future of Christendom, we are to understand, will be assured. We confess ourselves less sanguine than Mr. Galton. There will be surely a few outstanding difficulties. The peasantry of Russia and the Balkan States are said to be not a whit behind the corresponding class in Italy or Spain in the extravagance of their superstition; the learned theologians of the Oriental churches repudiate the orders of the Anglican clergy no less vehemently than does Leo XIII.; and the heresies implied in the XXXIX Articles—a hundred and forty-nine was it that the Moscow authorities counted up for Mr. Palmer?—have not grown fewer: it is not for nothing that the Oriental churches boast "orthodoxy" as their note. Here it occurs to us to wonder that Mr. Galton's spirit of reverence for antiquity has not guided him into that stronghold of conservatism itself. But perhaps that resource is reserved against the recurrence of disappointment in his present sphere.

Meanwhile the value of his essay consists in the personal testimony of an honest, active-minded amateur of history and religion. It is a pebble in the urn.



## The Finest Short Story?

*Boule de Suif.* From the French of Guy de Maupassant, with an Introduction by Arthur Symons. (Heinemann. 15s.)

THIS slim and luxurious volume was put forward as a translation of "the finest and most artistic short story" ever written. Mr. Arthur Symons, in his discreet introduction, makes no such claim for it, but there is no doubt that *Boule de Suif* does exist in the minds of many people as a supreme achievement. *Boule de Suif* is now almost sacred; it has a halo. It is as unimpeachable as Free Trade. It is accepted, not argued about. One day soon it will have grown into a superstition. Appearing as it did, the first work of a youthful writer, under the majestic sanction of Emile Zola, it happened by its freshness and demure naughtiness to catch the wearied fancy of a public well able to appreciate also its qualities of impartial aloofness and manual dexterity. Legends of this young author's long and arduous apprenticeship to literature floated in the air; the populace was awed by such devotion; even the experts were tickled by this dramatic entry into fiction, this sudden apparition of a man fully armed at all points. De Maupassant was made.

We should not care to assert that his instant success was undeserved, but we take it to have been a little accidental as regards the public. De Maupassant was, of course, a born writer. Observe, *writer*. No one ever said what he wanted to say with a nicer exactitude or a more certain effectiveness than did de Maupassant. The sentence was a marvellous tool in his hands. But, having admitted that, one has the right to inquire: what did he want to say? What of importance had he seen? We cannot believe, for ourselves, that de Maupassant's imagination and insight were of the first order, or even of the second order. His philosophy was a Parisian cynicism. His spirit was happy in that world of sense which the greatest writers have either ignored or assumed. Animalism is good, but it is not the best. There are writers who might have taken a story of de Maupassant's and, using it for a mere concrete foundation, might have built upon it the more delicate fabric of the essential story—the intimate spiritual drama which he had either missed or, in the ruthlessness of his animalism, disdained.

The main secret of de Maupassant's mere vogue is that he dazzles. As a cyclist at night, he rides down the highway with Dexterity flashing ahead of him like an acetylene lamp. In that illumination you can perceive no defects; you can only wonder. De Maupassant will not survive translation. Although translation may retain every ingenuity of construction, the last finish, the ultimate polish, is lost in it. The magic dazzle fades. You wake as if from enchantment. *Boule de Suif* in English (good English, too) is a shock. The superficiality, the trickery of it, stand forth ashamed and convicted. This the finest short story? What of "Wandering Willie's Tale" in *Redgauntlet*? What of forty things by Balzac and Turgenev? What of Stevenson's "Markheim"? What of Hardy's *Group of Noble Dames* (those unsurpassed feats of simple narrative)?

*Boule de Suif* is deficient, not only in fine observation, but in imagination. To us, in this English version, it positively lacks fire. It seems to be a little smug even in its elaborate cynicism. Regarding it technically, the opening is somewhat fumbled and shapeless; and surely no one will deny that the conclusion is forced, against probabilities, into a conventional shape. (Get a climax; get it honestly if you can, but get it.) Let us not be accused of belittling de Maupassant. We assert our intense admiration for much of his work. He wrote the last fifty pages of *Une Vie*, and, by a fortunate concatenation of circumstances, therein produced an effect of pathos which, crude though it is, has scarcely been surpassed in all fiction. He also wrote *La Maison Tellier*, a

thing infinitely superior to *Boule de Suif*, which we are surprised to find Mr. Symons describing as "perhaps the best short story de Maupassant ever wrote." One is glad that *La Maison Tellier* is absolutely impossible in English. Its superb and outrageous humour ought not to be withered under the terrible process of Anglicisation. And yet, who knows? Ten years ago Mr. Heinemann would as soon have thought of issuing *Boule de Suif* as he would have thought of issuing *Justine*. *La Maison Tellier* may come. If it does, we trust it may come unexpurgated. Though there is no announcement of the fact, this rendering of *Boule de Suif* is not quite complete.

## Sense and Sentimentality.

*Social Phases of Education.* By S. T. Dutton. (Macmillan. 5s.)

*Common Sense in Education and Teaching.* By P. A. Barnett. (Longmans. 6s.)

MR. DUTTON's very tedious congeries of nebulous and somewhat feminine maunderings cannot be said to possess any practical value, though it contains a respectable number of vague truths: truths, however, that have been proclaimed before on a hundred occasions of old and of late, and expressed on each occasion a hundred times better. Throughout it, too, there runs a strain of high falutin sentimentalism and religious hysteria, that comes oddly from across the Atlantic. Nor is dulness of matter relieved by graces of style; and its pages, moreover, are even defaced by faulty grammar and by an exuberant weed-crop of mis-spellings. The last annoyance at least might have been spared us by a little care in the revision of the proof-sheets. As no mortal, according to the proverb, is at all times wise, so few, whatever their natural qualifications, can contrive to be at all times fatuous, and there are in these lectures two commendable features. One is the healthy stress laid on the pre-eminent claims of physical education; an attitude to be welcomed at a time when much nonsense is being talked and written about the over-development of athleticism in English public schools. The other is the exposure of the quaint fallacy that the Board school will empty the prison. Still, when all is said, the lectures really were not worth giving to mankind at large, and the world is not the richer, but the poorer, for the production of yet another unnecessary volume. The author disclaims responsibility for their circulation in permanent form, and we are told in his preface that "the venture would not have been made except at the urgent request of friends." Some of us achieve crime, some of us have it thrust upon us. In these days of over-publication to issue a superfluous book is criminal, and apparently there was no one to save Mr. Dutton from his friends.

*Common Sense in Education* is a book of a very different stamp, and fully justifies its title. Mr. Barnett, it will be remembered, was the editor of *Teaching and Organisation*, an admirable piece of work by several hands, which we had the pleasure of noticing in these columns some eighteen months ago. This, his latest contribution to the science and art of teaching, is, as usual, marked by force, definiteness, and sanity: from end to end it is simply packed with valuable material, and from end to end there is hardly a dull page. It is too uniformly good to lend itself to quotation; where the general level of excellence is so high one is perplexed by the *embarras de choix*, and to sample it as lavishly as it deserves would be both difficult to do and unfair if done. We must leave the educationist to take our word for its merit, an assurance backed, however, by the yet safer warranty of Mr. Barnett's name. Incalculable would be the gain if parents could be persuaded to read such a book as this; but seeing that the vast majority of the masters in our secondary schools can rarely be induced to pay any regard to educational litera-

ture, it is perhaps idle to expect the fathers and mothers of their pupils to do so. The ordinary public schoolmaster is ignorant of or despises the guide-books of his craft. He picks up a knowledge of his business haphazard in the classroom, at the expense of the parent, the scholar, the institution in which he works, and himself. "Experience," some one has said, "is an excellent school, but the fees are rather high"; and the mental attitude of the untrained teacher is commonly, as Mr. Barnett puts it, "that of the good woman who was rebuked for feeding her year-old babe on salt herring. 'I ought to know,' she said, 'how to bring up children. I've buried ten.'"

### A Thin Literature.

*A History of Bohemian Literature.* By Francis Count Lützow. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

COUNT LUTZOW is already favourably known to English readers by his historical sketch of Bohemia up to the year 1620. His present contribution to Mr. Gosse's "Literatures of the World" will be useful upon the shelf of the student, but we fear that the industry and learning so liberally spent upon it will hardly stimulate the ordinary man to any very marked interest in its subject. In fact, Bohemian literature, beginning late, and almost exclusively occupied with theological controversy and historical research, is singularly lacking in those efforts of the imagination which alone really endure. There is but a ha'porth of poetry, fiction, or drama to an intolerable deal of sack. The earliest documents are ascribed to the fourteenth century. One of them, the Manuscript of Grüneberg, is now admitted to be a forgery, and the most important of all, the Manuscript of Königinhof, is gravely suspect. Such as it is, however, it contains, in half a dozen ballads and as many songs, all the Bohemian poetry that can be regarded as really primitive, or coming, conceivably, from the Slavonic folk. On later folk-songs, though we suppose that such exist, Count Lützow does not dwell. Perhaps he thinks them beneath the dignity of literature. This is almost sentimental and mournful enough to be genuine:

In the fields there stands an oak-tree,  
On the oak-tree a cuckoo calls:  
He ever calls, he laments  
That spring does not last for ever.  
How could the wheat ripen in the fields  
If spring lasted for ever?  
How could the apples ripen in the garden  
If summer lasted for ever?  
Would not the ears of corn freeze in the stack  
If autumn lasted for ever?  
Would not the maiden be mournful  
If her solitude lasted for ever?

The rest of mediæval Bohemian literature seems to resolve itself into adaptations of the ordinary themes of European hagiological legends and chivalric romances or chansons, filtering eastwards through the medium of the ubiquitous wandering students and jongleurs.

With the fifteenth century, and under influence from the English Wycliffites, Bohemia plunged into the Hussite controversies, which, with the political struggles, absorbed most of her remaining national energies. Of later writers, the most worthy of remark is John Amos Komensky, who, under his Latinised name of Comenius, is a somewhat important figure in the history of educational literature. Komensky visited London and became familiar with Samuel Hartlib, and, therefore, probably also with Hartlib's educational correspondent, John Milton. An interesting letter is extant in which Komensky describes his experiences of London: the Puritan London of the Long Parliament, in which a hundred and twenty parish churches were not enough for their worshippers, and

youths and men took down the sermons in shorthand for their subsequent deletion after dinner. He relates an instance of iconoclastic fury against Church ornaments:

In one of the churches here in London there was a window, the religious and very artistic painting of which, they say, cost £4,000—that is, 16,000 imperials. The ambassador of the Spanish King who resides here offered to pay the whole of this sum if he could have the window intact. But the somewhat exaggerated zeal of the people despised the proffered money and broke the window, considering that it was wrong to obtain gain by means of idolatrous objects.

Komensky and Hartlib tried to found in England a "Christian Academy of Pansophy," but the outbreak of the Civil War destroyed the project.

In modern times there has been some revival of literature, and particularly of historical research, in Bohemia. The writings of Paul Joseph Safarik on Slavic Antiquity, and Francis Palacky's *History of Bohemia*, are, so far, its principal outcomes.

### New World Criticism.

*The Post-Apostolic Age.* By Lucius Waterman, D.D. (T. & T. Clark.)

AN excellent piece of work—of a kind that Americans sometimes do better than Englishmen. Perhaps the consciousness that they are writing for a critical audience is less heavy upon them, or perhaps the more rapid methods of the New World are better for a bird's-eye sketch than those of the Old, but the fact remains that nowadays some of the best and most readable summaries are written in the United States. In this book Dr. Waterman, who is apparently the episcopal pastor of Laconia, New Haven, manages to compress the history of the Christian Church, from the time of the Apologists Quadratus and Aristides down to the Edict of Milan, into five hundred pages, with such skill that it would be difficult to find an important fact unnoticed or a really important document neglected. Nor is the book written merely for scholars. He tells us in his preface of the answer of one of his hearers to the announcement that he was going to write a Church History: "Then I hope you'll make it interesting"; and it is only fair to say that this hope, though "uttered in an unhopeful tone," has certainly been fulfilled. Given an interest in the subject, no one who takes up the book is likely to lay it down unfinished.

Some part of the interest is, of course, due to the period chosen. "The Church of the second and third centuries," says Dr. Waterman, "was not the best, but the purest of all" that the Christian world has known. Yet this purity was only preserved at the cost of the most severe trial. Sheltered to some extent by her own insignificance during her infancy, the Church no sooner arrived at adolescence than she found herself beset at once by external and internal enemies. On the one hand, were the Roman emperors trying by fitful and intermittent persecution to crush what they honestly considered to be a danger to the State; on the other, were the crowd of "heretical" or half-converted proselytes, outnumbering probably the orthodox, who did their best, like the Ebionites, to drag the Church back into Judaism, or, like the Gnostics, would have taken her more than half-way towards Paganism. Yet through all this the Church steadfastly held her way, and contrived not only to beat off her enemies, but to complete her organisation.

What this organisation was Dr. Waterman has no doubt whatever. He quotes with approval the statement of St. Ignatius of Antioch, that without bishops, presbyters, and deacons "there is not even the name of a Church." The bishops, he holds, were not merely in name, but by actual inheritance of office, the successors of the Apostles



the presbyters acted as their counsellors and helpers, and the deacons were the ministers who attended to the material wants of the laity. He does not say that this scheme was necessarily unalterable, or even that it might not now be altered with advantage, for he would apparently welcome a scheme which would give the laity greater control in Church matters, and thinks it "not impossible that some day a great Church should bring together brethren devoted to Independency, and others who, though Episcopalians, do still prefer Episcopacy to Prelacy, and try again the experiment of a really primitive Church Order." But he records his opinion that the Post-Apostolic Church did consist of the three orders he names, and he certainly gives excellent reasons for his opinion. He is equally frank in speaking of the Eucharist, the Post-Apostolic view of which he gives thus, after explaining that it does not exactly square with that of any modern school:

The Eucharistic Elements of bread and wine are made to be the Body and Blood of our Lord by a consecration which makes them vehicles of His Incarnate Life, and, therefore, a Body and Blood of His, superadded to those He had by nature.

The following (abridged) account of a Church Service in the Constantinian Age may also be of interest in view of the present controversy about Ritual:

- (a) A preparatory service in which reading of sundry Scriptures would have place, . . . certainly an Epistle and Gospel and the sermon would be preached. . . .
- (b) The service proper, containing—
  - (1) The Kiss of Peace, given by men to men and by women to women. . . .
  - (2) The offering of bread and wine to the officiating clergy.
  - (3) The verses, "Lift up your Hearts" [and the responses].
  - (4) A Preface of exalted praise and thanksgiving, . . . passing into
  - (5) The Sanctus or Triumphal Hymn.
  - (6) A prayer commemorating the redemptive work of our Lord. . . .
  - (7) A Solemn Oblation of the bread and wine as a Christian Sacrifice.
  - (8) An Invocation of the Holy Ghost to consecrate the Elements as a Sacrament.
  - (9) A Prayer of Intercession for the Living and for the Faithful Departed.
  - (10) The Fraction and Commixture [Dipping of the Bread in the Wine].
  - (11) The Lord's Prayer.
  - (12) The Communion.

We have not looked for inaccuracies—although Dr. Waterman invites us to do so in his Preface—and such as we have met with accidentally do not seem to us to be serious. Nor do we say that this is a book which should attract the attention of scholars; but for a fair, readable, and temperate account of the moderate Anglican view of the period of which it treats we have met with none better.

### Wayside Discourse.

A PRIDE of legs in motion kept  
Our spirits to their task meanwhile,  
And what was deepest dreaming slept:  
The posts that named the swallowed mile;  
Beside the straight canal the hut  
Abandoned; near the river's source  
Its infant chirp; the shortest cut;  
The roadway missed; were our discourse;  
At times dear poets, whom some view  
Transcendent or subdued evoked  
To speak the memorable, the true,  
The luminous as a moon unclouded;  
For proof that there, among earth's dumb,  
A soul had passed and said our best.

From Mr. Meredith's poem "The Night Walk,"  
in the "Century."

## Other New Books.

THE HEART OF ASIA. BY F. H. SKRINE AND E. D. ROSS.

The history of Central Asia seems to have become fascinating all of a sudden to the industrious people who dig in the byways of history. To the recently published volumes on the subject must be added this book, written by Mr. F. H. Skrine, a retired Indian Civil servant, and Mr. E. D. Ross, the Professor of Persian at University College, London. To the great majority the *Arabian Nights* will always remain the text-book for the manners and customs, and in some degree for the history, of the monarchies of Central Asia, but those who desire to learn something more of the romance of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand will find in this volume the history of many centuries conveniently boiled down, and condensed into a small compass. Prof. Ross is responsible for the historical part of the book, and he has placed much original research and an acquaintance with Oriental historians in their own language at the service of the reader. Some of the great rulers, such as Tamerlane, and well-known epochs of history, have been treated shortly, space being wisely reserved for the lesser-known part of the story. Mr. Skrine had dealt with Russia in Asia; her gradual advance across the deserts towards India, and her ruthless absorption of the Central Asian Khanates. The fault of this part of the book is that it is written too absolutely from a Russian point of view. Much information has been derived from such men as M. Lessar and Colonel Arandarenko, District Officer of Merv, and consequently we have a rose-tinted picture of Russia as a beneficent and civilising power politely absorbing barbarous tribes. No man is so charming or so specious as a Russian of the governing class, and Mr. Skrine has come under the influence of M. Lessar and his fellow-workers. The result is a pro-Russian account which leaves out of account the bad faith, treachery, and brutality which accompanied the advance of Russia. Bearing this fact in mind, the book is of interest and even of value, but the second part must be read in conjunction with other works which are not so much based on Russian authorities. The general reader will be interested to learn that the Tekke Turcomans, like the nomads of the Mongolian plateau, north of the Great Wall, ride exactly in the manner adopted by Tod Sloan, the American jockey, with the body well over the horse's neck.

*The Heart of Asia* is well illustrated, the majority of the pictures being reproductions of photographs, and the rest drawings by M. Verestchagin, the Russian battle-painter. A sketch map showing the advance of Russia across Central Asia, and an excellent map of the country from the Caspian Sea to Tibet, illustrate the text, and a fair index is of much help to the reader. (Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

LETTER-BOOKS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

ED. BY REGINALD R. SHARPE.

Antiquaries and others will welcome this, the first volume of a Calendar of the Letter-Books preserved among the archives of the City of London. These Letter-Books, so called from being distinguished by letters of the alphabet, have already been exploited by Mr. H. T. Riley in his interesting *Memorials of London Life* in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and in his edition of Letter-Book E, known as the *Liber Albus*. The Corporation has now committed to Mr. Sharpe the task of constructing a systematic "Calendar" of these books so rich in details and suggestions of the City's ancient life.

We have here the calendar of Letter-Book A, covering the period 1275-1298. This book and Book B are filled chiefly with recognizances of debts, and are not in this respect typical of the series which number fifty volumes. Dry as these "recognizances" may seem, Mr. Sharpe points out "their value as illustrating the commercial

intercourse of the citizens of London with Gascony and Spain in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, more especially in connexion with wine and leather." There are also records of that peculiar and complex tribunal the Assize of Bread. Other matters crop up. We find the deed (1237) whereby the City of London obtained its first rural water-supply from the Conduit which stood near the Marble Arch and collected the sweet waters of the Tye Bourne. "Free and quit and void of restraint," such were the adjectives that qualified the grant; strange that this remote reality is become a remote ideal!

How fatherly were the intentions of the City rulers may be seen by the ordinances passed at an Assize held in 1277. Thus it was enacted:

First that the peace of the lord the King be well kept between Christians [and Jews].

Also that two loaves be made for 1d., and four loaves for 1d., and that none be coated with bran (*furratus*) or made of bran.

Also that no one shall take another into his house for more than one night, unless he hold him to right if he make default, and his host answer for him if he departs.

Also that no pig be henceforth found by the streets or lanes of the City or suburb, nor in the ditches of the City; and if found they shall be killed by whoever finds them, and the killer shall have them without challenge or redemption for 4 pence from the owner. Whoever wishes to feed his pigs, let him feed them in the open (*in franco*) away from the King's highway [or] in his house under heavy penalty.

Also that no pentices, gutters, or jetties be of such a height (*adeo alta*) as to prevent persons riding under them without impediment and hurt, and that they be of the height of nine feet at least.

No leper shall be in the City, nor come there, nor make any stay there.

Also vendors of fish shall not throw their water into the highway, but cause it to be carried to the Thames.

Also that no one shall have a measure, beam, or other weight, unless it be good and just and agreeing with the King's beam and weights.

And Mr. Sharpe's editing promises well for the success of the Calendar as a whole. (Francis.)

#### CHANGES IN THE MINI Y, 1765-1767.

EDITED BY MARY BATESON.

The title to this volume—*A Narrative of the Changes in the Ministry 1765-1767, Told by the Duke of Newcastle in a Series of Letters to John White, M.P.*—sufficiently explains the nature of its contents. There is no surprise in store for the reader: it adds practically nothing to our knowledge of events during the ministries of Grenville, Rockingham, and Chatham; but we are quite of the editor's opinion, that it was worth publication. Macaulay has made familiar to the least historical reader the character of the Duke of Newcastle who, when a leading minister of the Crown, treasured up for the King the discovery that Minorca was an island! Even the smatterer in history knows of him as the partner of the elder Pitt in perhaps the most famous ministry of English history—the ministry under whose auspices Canada was conquered and our supremacy in India assured. Miss Bateson justly remarks that it is one of the surprises of eighteenth century history to find such a man as Newcastle attaining and maintaining for fifty years a great political position. George III. soon got rid of him; but, despite the break up of the Whig party, the old Duke remained until his death, in 1768, a political influence to be reckoned with. It is not surprising that the longer part of letters written by or to the greatest wirepuller who has ever taken part in English politics

should be chiefly concerned with changes in the *personnel* of the King's ministers. We hear little of America and general warrants, much of the terms on which the followers of the Duke of Bedford—the "Bloomsbury gang"—would consent to support a projected ministry. The old man is not ungenerous to Pitt; but the rumour that his old colleague has refused to serve in any Cabinet of which Newcastle should be a member is a bitter pill for the old politician to swallow. Nor is it soothing to the dignity of the great Whig magnate to feel that, although he is included in the Rockingham Cabinet, its leading members, some of whom were not born when he entered politics, do not admit him to their confidence. "The truth is," says the sore old man, "my Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Grafton think themselves so sure of the closet (*i.e.*, of the King's ear) that they neglect every other consideration; they make up their majorities in both Houses, and are more solicitous to gain new friends than oblige and retain their old ones." The eager desire and the frequent negotiations for the return of Pitt to office and the selfish meddling of Lord Temple, to whom Pitt seems to have surrendered his conscience; the patient mediation of the King's uncle, the Duke of Cumberland; the continued fear of the influence of Bute even in the most obscure forms—these and other interesting topics find additional illustration in this small volume of 170 pages. The editor has done her work well. (Longmans. 10s.)

#### SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By W. J. KNOX LITTLE, M.A.

It shows how far we have travelled in the last twenty years that one of Mr. Gladstone's canons should have the courage to raise his voice against the "unctuous rectitude" which has done our race such harm in South Africa. It is a pleasant surprise, and Mr. Knox Little deserves to be congratulated on the way in which he stands up against the giant Cant. Like many another dignitary, the Canon went abroad in search of health, and, with a due regard for tradition, he celebrated his return—and, we may hope, his restoration to health—by writing a book on what he had seen and heard. For us moderns South Africa was discovered by the Portuguese some centuries ago; but Mr. Knox Little, faithful to the best traditions of elegant authorship, has a fascinating little air of having discovered the Cape himself.

The book is divided into three parts, the first of which, containing the travels, interests us but moderately. The second and third parts, however, which deal with history and politics in South Africa, are excellent. The English improves, and the Canon has a grasp of his subject which is quite admirable and, in South African affairs, not too common. But few people know anything about the history of South Africa, and how it was that we came to be the Paramount Power in that part of the world, nor do they realise the inglorious record of ineptitude and incompetence piled up by the Colonial Office, which almost broke the hearts of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Sir George Grey, and Sir Bartle Frere. These three statesmen fought against the futilities at home, and it is owing to their devoted efforts that we still retain the Cape. The terror of responsibility which infected our public men, when the doctrines of the Manchester School were in the ascendant, have cost us much blood and treasure, and seem likely to cost us more before the crowning blunder of Majuba Hill is wiped out.

Canon Knox Little's book is admirably adapted for beginners, for those who have many opinions but little knowledge about our position in regard to the Boers. In particular may it be recommended to women who take an intelligent interest in the papers, and have not time nor patience to read the more abstruse historical works on the subject. Here they will find a plain statement of the whole business set forth in interesting form by a Canon of the Church on whose knowledge and whose sense of



what is just and right they may rely. Grave events have been preparing in the wide lands south of the Zambesi, and it will in no way detract from the interest of the telegrams to read the story of how we prepared the way for the present crisis in Mr. Knox Little's easily read pages. (Isbister.)

THE ROMANCE OF WILD FLOWERS. BY EDWARD STEP.

We can heartily recommend this little book to those for whom it is written—"unscientific flower-lovers." There is something very kindly and engaging about Mr. Step's explanations. For example, he no sooner has to begin using technical terms than he breaks off, on the word *corolla*, to explain exactly why it is necessary to say *corolla* instead of a *little crown*, and to employ Latin words generally in describing plant structure. The aim of the book is not to enable the reader to identify plants—that he may do with other help—but to "call his attention to those details of their structure and behaviour which suggest the term romance."

True to his "romantic" intention, Mr. Step gives his readers—his unscientific readers, be it remembered—a series of pleasant surprises in the titles of his chapters. For what will surprise the reader, the unscientific reader, more than to find Roses and Apples classed together, with the Strawberry thrown in between them, and to find that these are of one family; or to learn that the Wall-flower and the Stock are closely related to the Cabbage and the Turnip; or to see Daisies and Thistles associated in another chapter heading?

We cannot imagine anything more clear and fascinating than, say, Mr. Step's description of the means by which the Violet perpetuates itself. Adapted by its structure for cross-fertilisation by insects, the English violet is strangely neglected by these carriers of pollen. "It can only be explained on the assumption that the insects which successfully fertilise it in the warmer climates of the Continent do not occur until quite recent times, or the flower would have degenerated." That the Violet has not degenerated in our woods and hedgerows is due to its own patent and patient scheme of self-fertilisation. This is described step by step by the author up to the triumphant moment when the Violet applies pressure to its seed-vessel, and "one after another the hard shiny seeds are shot out with great force to a distance of several yards, where their smoothness enables them to sink readily between the grass or moss to the moist earth beneath." Thus the shy Violet is a self-sufficient little flower, whose beauty is attained by struggle and resource. Mr. Step's daughter has contributed pen drawings, and Mr. Step's photographs of plants in their natural state are pretty and lifelike. (Warne & Co. 6s.)

"Arms and the Man."

A MAN applied to the College for a coat-of-arms, and was asked if any of his ancestors had been renowned for any singular achievement. The man paused and considered, but could recollect nothing. "Your father," said the herald, aiding his memory. "Your grandfather?—your great-grandfather?" "No," returned the applicant, "I never knew that I had a great-grandfather, or a grandfather." "Of yourself?" asked this creator of dignity. "I know nothing remarkable of myself," returned the man, "only that being once locked up in Ludgate prison for debt I found means to escape from an upper window; and that, you know, is no honour in a man's 'scutcheon.'" "And how did you get down?" said the herald. "Odd enough," retorted the man. "I procured a cord, fixed it round the neck of the statue of King Lud, on the outside of the building, and thus let myself down." "I have it," said the herald: "no honour!—Lineally descended from King Lud! and his coat-of-arms will do for you."

From "Conferences on Books and Men" in "Cornhill."

Fiction.

That Fortune. By Charles Dudley Warner.  
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

THERE is a good deal of pleasant fancy in this amiable romance of modern New York; but scarcely any imagination. The book has not been *vécu*. In fiction there is Balzac and anti-Balzac, and nothing else. Mr. Warner is anti-Balzac. He has experience, culture, suavity, kindness, and the prudence of "moderation in all things." But he has not the passion for life. His attitude towards this splendid *fracas* is a little lackadaisical. He watches it through the window of the New York equivalent for the Athenæum Club, brings the tips of his fingers together, and begins to talk—like a popular preacher giving an address on Browning. It is not the essentials he cares for, but the apparatus of sentiment and event. Essentials are apt to be crude and intractable; they are apt to make one serious and too much in earnest. On the whole (he would say) it is as well to get away from life, especially in those leisure hours when one reads fiction. So his fancy sets to work and constructs a new New York of its own, a pretty city of sentimentality, a city of which conversation and private thoughts are manipulated in accordance with the etiquette of the Court of Spain. There is a poor boy swinging in the pine tops on a mountain; and there is a fabulously rich heiress in the pretty city hedged about by all the bastions of wealth; and you see the boy getting nearer and nearer till at last he gets too near and is kicked off. And then a smash happens in a place called Wall-street, and the heiress is not an heiress, and the boy comes again, and this time he captures "that fortune"—namely, "the love of Evelyn Mavick."

Of course it is not all so old-fashioned as that. Mr. Warner well knows how to keep pace with the latest æsthetic and social movements. Thus the hero first sees the heroine at the Opera, half-way through the overture to "Siegfried." (It is unfortunate that "Siegfried" happens to have no overture, but Mr. Warner would not care to be mistaken for a realist.) Thus also the fabulously rich heiress is stalked by the heir to an English peerage, who acts as English aristocrats usually do—in American fiction.

The following passage, which describes the hero's first attempt to storm the heroine's castle, is fairly representative of the book:

Mrs. Mavick was so beside herself that she could hardly speak. The lines in her face deepened into wrinkles and scowls. There was something malevolent and mean in it. Philip was astonished at the transformation. And she looked old and ugly in her passion.

"You!" she repeated.

"It is only this, Mrs. Mavick," and Philip spoke calmly, though his blood was boiling at her insulting manner—"it is only this—I love your daughter."

"And you have told her this?"

"No, never, never a word."

"Does she know anything of this absurd, this silly attempt?"

"I am afraid not."

"Ah! Then you have spared yourself one humiliation. My daughter's affections are not likely to be placed where her parents do not approve. Her mother is her only confidante. I can tell you, Mr. Burnett, and when you are over this delusion you will thank me for being so plain with you, my daughter would laugh at the idea of such a proposal. But I will not have her annoyed by impecunious aspirants."

"Madam!"—cried Philip, rising, with a flushed face, and then he remembered that he was talking to Evelyn's mother, and uttered no other word.

It will be observed that Mr. Warner's pretty city is not strikingly different from the pretty cities of other eminent anti-Balzacians.

*When Knighthood was in Flower.* By Edwin Caskoden (Charles Major). (Sands & Co. 6s.)

THIS historical novel dealing with the love-story of Charles Brandon and Mary, sister of Henry VIII., is devoid either of literary pretension or of literary merit. It is the work of a man with little sense of the dignity or the romance of history; it shows no insight into character and no imaginative strength. Yet we can actually see in it some germ of hope for the future of the historical novel. At the end of his Introduction the author says:

I shall, therefore, with a few exceptions, give Sir Edwin's memoir in words, spelling and idiom which his rollicking little old shade will probably repudiate as none of his whatsoever. So, if you happen to find sixteenth century thought hobnobbing in the same sentence with nineteenth century English, be not disturbed; I did it. If the little old fellow grows grandiloquent or garrulous at the time—he did that. If you find him growing super-sentimental, remember that sentimentalism was the life-breath of chivalry just then approaching its absurdest climax in the bombastic conscientiousness of Bayard and the whole mental atmosphere laden with its pompous nonsense.

One may perceive there the attitude of a man who is afraid neither of history nor of literary precedent. At one clumsy but magnificent sweep Mr. Major brushes away the entire existing convention of historical fiction—as though he should say: "I will have none of it. I will write after my own fashion. The tradition which Scott inaugurated, being dead, is nothing to me. No ostentations, no hollow pomps, no make-believes, no perpetuation of ancient lies. I see history in the cold light of my American horse-sense, and as I see it so I will paint it." He is like the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.

Here is part of a scene, towards the end of the book, between Harry the Eighth, Mary, and Wolsey:

Henry looked at her in surprise and then burst out laughing. "Married to Brandon with your hair down?" And he roared again, holding his sides. "Well, you do beat the devil; there's no denying that. Poor old Louis! That was a good joke on him. I'll stake my crown he was glad to die! You kept it warm enough for him, I make no doubt."

"Well," said Mary, with a little shrug of her shoulders, "he would marry me."

"Yes, and now poor Brandon doesn't know the trouble ahead of him, either. He has my pity, by Jove!"

"Oh! that is different," returned Mary, and her eyes burned softly, and her whole person fairly radiated, so expressive was she of the fact that "it was different."

Different? Yes; as light from darkness; as love from loathing; as heaven from the other place; as Brandon from Louis; and that tells it all.

Henry turned to Wolsey: "Have you ever heard anything equal to it, my Lord Bishop?"

My Lord Bishop, of course, never had; nothing that even approached it.

It is, of course, thoroughly bad—without any sort of literary decency. But it is also a sincere attempt, though by a man absolutely unfitted for his task, to be realistic. Call it the realism of an *enfant terrible*—but call it realism. *When Knighthood was in Flower* has achieved a sale of sixty thousand copies in the States. We trust that some author better equipped than Mr. Major will be encouraged by such success to imitate his audacity in ignoring our exhausted and effete convention of historical fiction. By no other means can this form of literary art be regenerated into an authentic life.

*Satan Finds Some Mischief Still.* By E. V. Beaufort. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

THIS book is called "a character study." If it be such, then the "character" is "studied" by means of phrases. In reading the story we have been pre-occupied with the epithets which the author applies to the heroine. She is

styled the "fair visitor," the "fair soliloquist," the "fair traveller," the "fair Herrice," the "fair Londoner," the "fair burden," the "fair assistant," the "imperious young beauty," "a true daughter of Eve," "a very angel of goodness," and "the observed of all observers." Miss Beaufort should have spared us that last; and we think she need not have stated that the fair assistant, at tea-time, "proceeded to make herself useful by pouring out the pleasant beverage."

The author has some aptitude for clear narrative, but her incessant use of stock-phrases and her inability to refrain from verbal quips of the most irritating description render the book quite impossible. There is, moreover, nothing of importance in the tale itself. Herrice, guilty of flirtation, is banished by her father to an aunt and a village. The village bores her, and the aunt forbids fires in bedrooms. "A fire I will have," said Herrice, and "proceeded to" burn up a chair in the grate. Then she wanted surreptitious bacon: "Now, Anastasia," she said, "go down to the cook and tell her to toast a rasher for me. You see, I fully understand the philosophy of Bacon, and there's nothing so sustaining—and then, when I've eaten it, we can sit by the fire and have a long chat."

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE VIRGINS OF THE ROCKS. BY G. D'ANNUNZIO.

The first of D'Annunzio's trilogy—"Romances of the Lily"; the scope of which is to depict a strong and disciplined intelligence, failing in its attempts to gain an operative influence over others, resorting to self communion and the creation of an ideal world of beauty and poetry. The translation has been made by Miss Agatha Hughes. This makes the fourth of D'Annunzio's novels to be translated into English, its predecessors being *The Child of Pleasure*, *The Victim*, and *The Triumph of Death*. (Heinemann. 6s.)

FORTUNE AT THE HELM. BY MRS. HERBERT MARTIN.

A Welsh story. Gaynor, the heroine, is thus described: "This eager-eyed, picturesque, curiously ignorant, warm-blooded girl." Gaynor comes to London, is introduced to the world, and has a hard time. A feminine story, on familiar lines, sympathetically done. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE INCA'S TREASURE. BY ERNEST GLANVILLE.

This is the third volume in Messrs. Methuen's "Novelist" library. The story opens in the temporary offices of the Condor Gold Mining Syndicate, but soon moves to Peru, where adventures the most thrilling and scenery the most inspiring regale the reader. (Methuen. 6d.)

THE HONOUR OF VIVIEN BRUCE.

BY MRS. J. H. NEEDELL.

The list of Mrs. Needell's novels is becoming a long one. This story is concerned with an inheritance, a faulty will, a rascal captain; and it is by a variety of dramatic strokes that justice and happiness are finally dispensed to those who deserve it. (F. V. White. 6s.)

A SEA COMEDY.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Sea comedies are now the fashion. Mr. Roberts's yarn is a story within a story and is told racyly by the hero himself. It deals with the voyage of the *Great Republic* in the hands of a unique crew, shipped under unique conditions. "Owsever I woke up and found the 'ole ship owlin' drunk"—and so forth. (Milne. 2s. 6d.)



## THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates for Yearly Subscriptions ..... 20s. including postage.

American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.

## Littérateur, Ambassador, Patriot, Cosmopolite.\*

MR. E. E. HALE's biography of Lowell is in essence a series of gossiping reminiscences regarding the man and his friends. Interesting, yes, but also disappointing; interesting it



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1864).

could not but be. It is written by an old and early friend of Lowell, perhaps the one surviving man best acquainted with Lowell and his career from the brilliant start to the honoured close. Yet from such a man one would have expected a fuller, more vivid, more meaty book; and one might have hoped a more orderly book. "Surely," one might have said, "this comrade of the young Lowell, and the young Lowell's brilliant band of

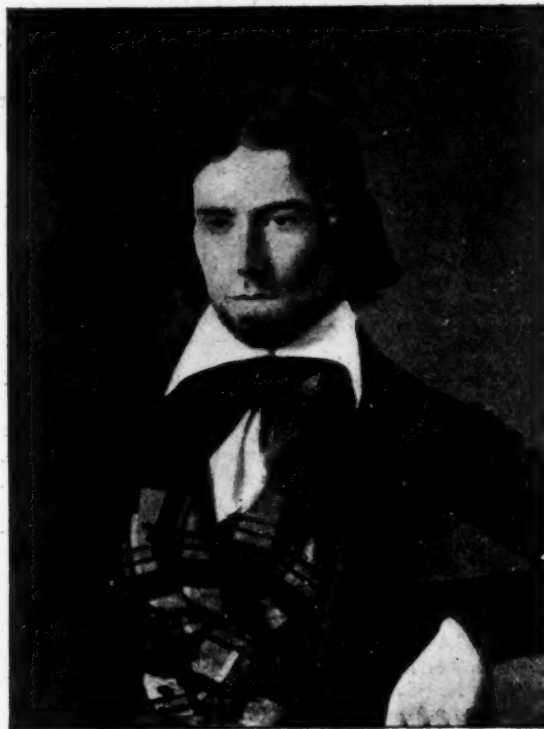
friends, will give us a concrete presentment of the man as he lived and moved, will show us the breathing Lowell, enable us to get an orderly grip on the gradual evolution of his reputation, the successive epochs marked by the milestones of his progressive books or lectures, which were themselves books in ultimate form; will show us those books arising under his hand, give us a glimpse into the process of their creation. The more important the book, the more marked its position in the genesis of the man's universal reputation, the more we shall be told of its production and birth history." But all these things are not so. The book not merely lacks, but discards symmetry; it is systematically unsystematical. In the first place, it is disproportioned; the trail of the dominion is over it all. An intimate view of Lowell's connexion with and associates in Harvard was needful; but college matters occupy an inordinate share of the volume—college matters often trivial to the outsider, and often irrelevant to Lowell. For numbers of pages there is no reason but that they pertain to Harvard, and Lowell pertained to Harvard. *Harvardiensis est*, seems to be Mr. Hale's motto, *nil Harvardiense sibi alienum puto*. (We apologise for ruining the famous line of Terence.) Far too much of this matter, related at garrulous length, is only of interest to old Harvard students, and should have no place in a volume of Lowell reminiscences meant for the general public.

\* James Russell Lowell and his Friends. By Edward Everett Hale. (Constable.)

Loquacity, indeed, is another of the author's sins; the book would profit by severe compression; moreover, it is amorphous as regards order. The author zigzags backward and forward between date and date in a bewildering fashion, so that the reader never feels easy in mind as to what part of Lowell's life is under notice. And with all this we get little direct and living picture of Lowell. For his personal glimpses Mr. Hale mostly has recourse to other writers. Want of art, of arrangement, of presentation, are chiefly responsible for the defect of definite and interesting impression. Digressiveness runs riot, and reaches its climax when the writer actually pauses to lecture undergraduates on their behaviour, or lack of behaviour, towards their teachers. An ill-compiled book, we must sorrowfully say, though it contains material which no future biographer of Lowell can neglect.

Before we part with this side of our subject, however, let us quote a story which does excuse its own introduction. It must be quoted here, for it has so little concern with Lowell that the author is not even certain whether he were present. It is of a dinner party given at Cambridge (Harvard) by Dr. Arnold Guyot. The doctor had received a present of a fine black bear, which he confined in a cellar, where also lay a small barrel of cider. Ominous rumblings below began to disturb the diners. Suddenly in rushed an attendant with breathless tidings. The bear had got loose, had been having his own private festivities on the cider, and was now coming upstairs, a most drunken bear. "The guests fled through windows and doors." It is a distinct loss to science that none of those learned men stayed to report the demeanour of this dissipated bear. His feelings must have been hurt to find himself so markedly "cut," after (most naturally) "coming upstairs" with the hilarious and social purpose of joining in the scientific convivialities. "Solitary drinking is a pernicious habit," said this genial animal, "I will go up and share my jovial mood with those good fellows overhead." It was his fate to be misunderstood.

English critics will not share Mr. Hale's estimate of Lowell as one of the foremost poets of his day. But with



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From a Daguerrotype taken at Philadelphia 1841

that exception, America has every right to assign him a high place among her great men. He was, perhaps, the best representative of the American mind at its highest point of cultivation. His sanity, his



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1862).

balance, the equanimity and variety of his powers, the all-round fineness of his character, would make him a remarkable man in any country. He touched many things, and all that he touched prospered under his hand. No English man of letters could have such a career, such opportunities for showing all that was in him. We do not naturally take our diplomatists from the literary ranks. The liberal-minded policy of the United States in this respect gave a splendid opening to this most liberal-minded of her sons; and he well availed himself of it. Poet, essayist, editor, professor—all these he was; and knew failure in none. He was taken from the professor's desk and the editor's chair to be an ambassador; and forthwith he became an eminent ambassador. He earned a reputation as an occasional speaker unmatched on this side the water, and gained a name in England scarce inferior to that he possessed in America. Withal, he was a gentleman of the finest kind, sought after for his social gifts. Few men can show such a record; and fewer still would have remained unspoiled by it. Yet to the last he remained what he had been in the days of his youth. He related himself how he was one day walking along the Edgware-road with a friend, when he saw a building marked "Hospital for Incurable Children." He turned to his companion: "There's where they'll send me one of these days." To this perennial sympathetic geniality must, no doubt, be ascribed a large measure of his extraordinary success in life.

For it is a noticeable thing that, from the first, everything came to him. His severest mishap was a temporary rustication during his college course—the result of irregular attendance in chapel, apparently. But he was a favourite with the authorities, for all his waywardness, and they successfully pulled him through his examinations. He dabbled in letters while he was studying law, and from the start Boston leaders of literature recognised his ability. He had the luck that one of his friends was made editor of a periodical destined ultimately to become the *Atlantic Monthly*, so that his early poems and articles were at once "placed." His first book of poems succeeded. He gave up law and took to literature; he further tempted fate, simultaneously marrying a wife: yet he did not starve, and his marriage was happy. His first volume of essays obtained immediate recognition in America. Without struggle he became a recognised power in letters, consorting with the leading authors of the day. His appointment to the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard followed, and he never looked back. Assuredly, for all this his happy faculty of making and retaining friends was largely responsible.

According to all accounts, his wit and brilliancy in talk were already remarkable in his youth. The pity is, that throughout this book we get no specimens of this brilliancy. It may have been of that kind which does not crystallise

itself in single utterances, or perhaps the Boswell was lacking. One description there is of an evening spent in the circle of his friends; but it is a generalised description, and too long to quote. We can see that part of his attractiveness lay in sheer high spirits, and the ability to fool in season. He did not disdain to sing comic songs, or, at least, songs which were the occasion of uproarious fun in others. It is an excellent good thing when a man of genius can play the fool in private. He is the less likely to play it in public. Who does not think the better of Coleridge when he reads of that party where the poet-philosopher, after drinking the final toast of the evening, stood up and solemnly sent his glass crashing through the window? Upon which the rest of the party in turn sent their glasses after it. It was, perhaps, one of the most philosophic actions of his life. Lowell, moreover, could be all things to all men. He was ever willing to fraternise with the students of his class at Harvard; treated them as individuals, not "in the loomp," as the Northern farmer would say. His house at Elmwood was open to any of his pupils who chose to call: refreshment, chat, the society of his wife and children, they there found waiting for them: A man who so treated the world was likely to be well treated by the world.

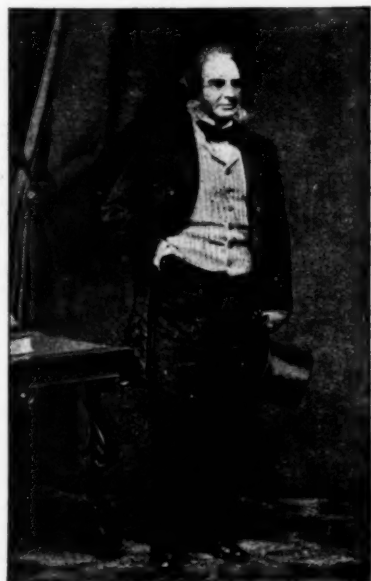
At the same time he had marvellous power of work. While he was fulfilling the functions of a university professor, he was also editing an important periodical. It seems impossible, yet he did both, and both well. This brilliant man of letters was also one of the most successful of American editors. His one failure was the abortive *Pioneer*; but he was then suffering severely from his eyes. Afterwards, he headed first the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then the *North American Review*; and made them pay.

But he had yet another field of activity. Poet, essayist, editor, professor, he was likewise a lecturer; and here, too, he was in the front rank. His best lectures, indeed, rank among his best prose. The lectures on the English poets, together with the volume of essays, *My Study Windows*, are his best known prose work; and they are classical work. His poetry has many merits: one might almost say it has every merit, except that inevitableness which is the distinctive note of great poetry. As a satirist in verse he is keen, shrewd, and felicitous at his best. He has the caustic Yankee humour in nailing a sham, pointed by literary study. But he is not too often at his best, and much of the *Biglow Papers* are no very lightsome reading at the present day. In prose, on the other hand, in his essays or lectures, he is a master. He can hardly write a despatch without the masterly hand showing itself. His style is perfectly modern, yet classical—classical by virtue of the scholarly build of the sentence, the admirably just choice of words from a wide and finely selected vocabulary, and the flash here and there of a striking and apposite image, whenever it is needed, lighting up his meaning at

itself in single utterances, or perhaps the Boswell was lacking. One description there is of an evening spent in the circle of his friends; but it is a generalised description, and too long to quote. We can see that part of his attractiveness lay in sheer high spirits, and the ability to fool in season. He did not disdain to sing comic songs, or, at least, songs which were the occasion of uproarious fun in others. It is an excellent good thing when a man of genius can play the fool in private. He is the less likely to play it in public. Who does not think the better of Coleridge when he reads of that party where the poet-philosopher, after drinking the final toast of the evening, stood up and solemnly sent his glass crashing through the window? Upon which the rest of the party in turn sent their glasses after it. It was, perhaps, one of the most philosophic actions of his life. Lowell, moreover, could be all things to all men. He was ever willing to fraternise with the students of his class at Harvard; treated them as individuals, not "in the loomp," as the Northern farmer would say. His house at Elmwood was open to any of his pupils who chose to call: refreshment, chat, the society of his wife and children, they there found waiting for them: A man who so treated the world was likely to be well treated by the world.

At the same time he had marvellous power of work. While he was fulfilling the functions of a university professor, he was also editing an important periodical. It seems impossible, yet he did both, and both well. This brilliant man of letters was also one of the most successful of American editors. His one failure was the abortive *Pioneer*; but he was then suffering severely from his eyes. Afterwards, he headed first the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then the *North American Review*; and made them pay.

But he had yet another field of activity. Poet, essayist, editor, professor, he was likewise a lecturer; and here, too, he was in the front rank. His best lectures, indeed, rank among his best prose. The lectures on the English poets, together with the volume of essays, *My Study Windows*, are his best known prose work; and they are classical work. His poetry has many merits: one might almost say it has every merit, except that inevitableness which is the distinctive note of great poetry. As a satirist in verse he is keen, shrewd, and felicitous at his best. He has the caustic Yankee humour in nailing a sham, pointed by literary study. But he is not too often at his best, and much of the *Biglow Papers* are no very lightsome reading at the present day. In prose, on the other hand, in his essays or lectures, he is a master. He can hardly write a despatch without the masterly hand showing itself. His style is perfectly modern, yet classical—classical by virtue of the scholarly build of the sentence, the admirably just choice of words from a wide and finely selected vocabulary, and the flash here and there of a striking and apposite image, whenever it is needed, lighting up his meaning at



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1860)

itself in single utterances, or perhaps the Boswell was lacking. One description there is of an evening spent in the circle of his friends; but it is a generalised description, and too long to quote. We can see that part of his attractiveness lay in sheer high spirits, and the ability to fool in season. He did not disdain to sing comic songs, or, at least, songs which were the occasion of uproarious fun in others. It is an excellent good thing when a man of genius can play the fool in private. He is the less likely to play it in public. Who does not think the better of Coleridge when he reads of that party where the poet-philosopher, after drinking the final toast of the evening, stood up and solemnly sent his glass crashing through the window? Upon which the rest of the party in turn sent their glasses after it. It was, perhaps, one of the most philosophic actions of his life. Lowell, moreover, could be all things to all men. He was ever willing to fraternise with the students of his class at Harvard; treated them as individuals, not "in the loomp," as the Northern farmer would say. His house at Elmwood was open to any of his pupils who chose to call: refreshment, chat, the society of his wife and children, they there found waiting for them: A man who so treated the world was likely to be well treated by the world.



just the right angle of illumination. His prose, indeed, is much richer in striking imagery than his verse—a curious reversal of natural conditions which in itself seems to show that he is more natively a *proseur* than a poet. He says that prose demands an effort from him, while verse is delightful and easy. No one would guess this from comparing his work in the two kinds; particularly from the literary opulence of his letters and despatches, where he had no motive to take special pains. May it not have been that it was the *subject-matter* of his verse which he found more congenial rather than the medium itself? Above and beyond his style, the substance of his prose is delightful. It is mostly critical, whether criticism of literature or other subjects: and he had an exquisite gift of appreciation. Themes which seemed exhausted by the full harvests they had yielded to others yield up fresh crops to him. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats—how we shudder at yet a fresh article on theses such as these, fly-blown by swarm on swarm of buzzing critics! Yet from Lowell's pen they are fresh as daffodil and crocus. His critical perception is reinforced by his own technical experience and understanding as a poet. This lends a special value to his appreciation of the great poets. How delightful, in his lecture on Milton, to find that great master of harmony vindicated from the ignorant aspersions of Prof. Masson, measuring metre by the foot-rule! Prof. Masson has done excellent work of the professorial kind; but, in gauging metre, only a poet's criticism is of value. There are exceptions of non-poets with a very fine ear and understanding for metre (Mr. Oman is one), but they are rare. In appreciation Lowell is certainly among the foremost of recent critics, while his beautiful gift of diction and expression lends added value to his work in this kind. But as a philosophical critic he is decidedly to seek. He has no grip of fundamental critical principle; indeed, he seems slack to grasp philosophical principle of any kind. For this reason, his lecture on Carlyle is one of his least successful. Approaching the least academic of writers, he begins by a long academic discussion of poetry and imaginative writing, which nowhere gets down to any basic truth. It is not easy for any man to grasp the philosophic conception (such as it is) of Carlyle's *French Revolution* through its phantasmagoric utterance. But Lowell does it peculiarly injustice. The Yankee Democrat is throughout "riled" by the English lover of kingship, and gives him vigorous counter-hitting, with scant measure of judiciousity. It is the most telling onslaught on Carlyle's weak points ever delivered; it seems to have caught something of Carlyle's own tempest-sleet of imagery: but it is little more. But in yet another class of essay, such as that *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*, what polished humour, what urbane satire! And what exquisite vignettes of natural scenery in others! A prose-writer as fine as America has produced.

We spoke of his urbanity. He is charmingly urbane, as only a cosmopolitan could be. And it is the crowning distinction of this singularly orb'd, equable, and lovable character that he was at once patriotic and cosmopolitan. Sensitive American, he was alive to the culture and distinctive excellence of all foreign countries; he had a place in his bosom even for Spain. Many an American patriot has an ignorant scorn for "feudal Europe." Many a cosmopolite (American or English) loses touch with patriotism. He, by a gift as gracious as his other gifts, preserved united, yet severally unblemished, the fine flower of both. *Littérateur*, ambassador, patriot, cosmopolite—America will not soon produce his like again.

## Things Seen.

### Different People.

A VERY hot afternoon on the S.E.R. In the carriage were two ladies who were young and happy, a lady who was elderly and apparently single, and a little girl. At Orpington there entered a tall, fresh, loose-limbed boy, of nineteen or so, carrying surveying poles and a large basket, who took the seat opposite the two ladies who were young. As the train panted along, and the carriage became more and more stifling, the boy was noticed to be growing restless and nervous. Twice or thrice he made as if to speak, and each time thought better of it; and then, suddenly, reaching out his basket and displaying its contents to the two friends, he gasped, indicating one of them with a timid eye: "Would you mind taking some of these? They've just been given me, but I couldn't eat them all, you know, and . . . so very hot . . . and really if you *would* be so kind . . . ?" The basket was loaded with strawberries, and he was quickly assured that his request was not an impertinence. He then turned to the little girl, who no sooner observed his intention than she crossed over to the basket side, and, seating herself within range of the fruit, saved him further trouble. To the elderly lady, however, he had to repeat his invitation. Frigidly accepting it, she took two strawberries from the basket with much ceremony. At New Cross the boy gathered together his property and jumped out. "What a dear boy!" said one of the two friends. The little girl looked wistfully after him. "I have never," said the elderly lady, tightening her lips and turning to the other two, "I have never been so embarrassed in my life."

### Repose.

It was the day Dreyfus arrived at Rennes. As we sped through Normandy I thought, "There will be a noise on the boulevards." And the whole monstrous drama would have uncoiled in my memory but that Paris was still a three hours' journey, and Normandy lay to right and left. Now the fields closed in, and gave us the scent of haycocks; now they opened out, wet and gleamy. Then we began to cross, and to recross, the Seine; and each time we thundered over I had a vision of angry boulevards.

Suddenly, against the wide, white river, I read, on a signboard, this strangely-peaceful inscription: "Gambard, Pêcheur." I looked back, and saw a little boat that was half in shadow, half in soft sunlight, under some osiers. "That," I mused, "is Gambard's boat." I shall always see this. It was the day Dreyfus arrived at Rennes.

## "The Most Pessimistic of Living Pessimists."

THERE is no instrument, we believe, for taking the measure of a man's pessimism. It must always be doubtful who is in the greatest dumps. Yet in the preface to a translation of August Strindberg's play *The Father* (Duckworth) we find the palm for pessimism unhesitatingly given to the Swedish dramatist. Of Strindberg's *Inferno* we are told darkly: "In it you will find a pessimism so abysmal and terrifying as to defy comparison with the darkest thoughts of your darkest hours." This reads rather like a bill outside a ghost booth, and when the editor, "W.," adds under his breath: "I admit that I have never reached the second volume of *Inferno*: one does not willingly prolong a nightmare," his readers will only

complain that they are not given *Inferno* instead of *The Father*. This loose word, pessimism, has much to answer for. Pessimism is generally the pose of unhappiness. Even "W." finishes by doubting whether Strindberg's works are not to be regarded as "the awful, imaginings of an overtired brain. It seems impossible that any being could have suffered all that is here depicted and retain his sanity." Very well; but can the imaginings of an overtired brain be literature? "W." is scarcely happy here. We prefer his quotation from an article by Mr. Justin H. McCarthy. This gives the facts of Strindberg's life in a nutshell.

Strindberg springs, I believe, quite from the people; his youth belongs to the "servile life of the cities." Poverty twice interrupted his studies at the University of Upsala, and to say that implies very grinding poverty! Poverty made many things of him—made him an assistant teacher at a school in Stockholm, made him a doctor's assistant, made him a super at a theatre. Men of the Gil Blas temperature, men of the Con Cregan temper, would have found food for mirth in all these vicissitudes; Strindberg seems to have found only bitterness, combativeness, a fierce indignation like unto Swift's. When he left the University he became, as many a gallant youth has become, a journalist, drifting from one news-sheet to another till, in 1874, he drifted into the comparatively tranquil haven of an assistant librarianship. In this haven he remained for some years. Then his active literary career began. Then came years of travel, years of incessant production, years of incessant strife. Then came the influence of the German philosopher Nietzsche. Then came fame and unhappiness, and all the elements that have made him what he is.

This one understands. Strindberg, like most of us, is not happy. But don't let us call him the champion pessimist, or we shall soon have more candidates for the sackcloth and ashes, each with his editorial backer. It is significant that, in defending his play, *The Father*, from the charge that it is "too sad," Strindberg writes: "People call authoritatively for the 'joy of life,' and theatrical managers call for farces, as though the joy of life consisted in being foolish, and in describing people who each and every one are [?] suffering from St. Vitus's dance or idiocy. I find the joy of life in the powerful, terrible struggles of life; and the capability of experiencing something, of learning something, is a pleasure to me." We are reminded of Dr. Johnson's friend who confessed that he had tried very hard to be a philosopher, but that, somehow—he did not know how it was—cheerfulness would keep breaking in.

In translating *The Father*, which we do not here examine critically, Mr. Erichsen has undoubtedly done good service; and we are glad to see the series which has given us Verhaeren's *Dawn*, and Ostrovsky's *Storm* thus maintained. The plot of *The Father* must not be revealed here. But in accordance with his dictum that the joy of life is inherent in the powerful, terrible struggles of life, "I have chosen," says Strindberg, "an unusual but attractive subject; in other words, an exception, but a great exception, that will strengthen the rules which offend the apostle of the commonplace." And he adds:

What will further create antipathy in some is the fact that my plan of action is not simple, and that there is not one view alone to be taken of it. An event in life—and that is rather a new discovery—is usually occasioned by a series of more or less deep-seated *motifs*, but the spectator generally chooses that one which his power of judgment finds simplest to grasp, or that his gift of judgment considers the most honourable. For example, someone commits suicide: "Bad business!" says the citizen; "Unhappy love!" says the woman; "Sickness!" the sick man; "Disappointed hopes!" the bankrupt. But it may be that none of these "reasons" is the real one, and that the dead man hid the real one by pretending another that would throw the most favourable light on his memory.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE picture of the Queen by Wilkie, for the desirable purchase of which the Government will not give a special Grant to the National Portrait Gallery, was painted when her Majesty had been reigning for two years. She had been only a few months on the throne when she commissioned Wilkie—who had been appointed Painter in Ordinary—for the picture of her first Council. That was in October, 1837—the year, by the way, not only of the Queen's accession, but also of the removal of the Academy to Burlington House. At Brighton he had his first sitting, when, as Wilkie wrote to his sister, she was "most gracious, and appeared to recognise me as an early friend." "She appoints a sitting once in two days," is another item, "and she never puts me off." The painter's impressions of the Queen's appearance at the time also find a record:

She is eminently beautiful; her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face in a most simple way, glossy and clean-looking. Her manner, though trained to act the Sovereign, is simple and natural. She has all the decision, thought, self-possession of a queen of older years; has all the buoyancy of youth; and from the smile to the unrestrained laugh, is a perfect child.

An appropriate passage, though not subtle; and the portrait of the Queen in the Council picture is quite to match: it is, beyond question, "clean-looking."

OUT of the painting of this larger picture came the commission for the portrait that has been figuring in the correspondence between Lord Peel and the Treasury. "It appears to me very like her," was Sir David's own comment, when he first saw it finished and framed. It was exhibited in the Academy of 1840; it cost the Queen £200, and was by her given to a Lady of her Bed-chamber, the Marchioness of Normanby. The present Marquis, in offering it for sale to the nation at fifteen hundred guineas, does not ask more than a market value that can elsewhere be easily realised.

MESSRS. STREET & Co., the eminent advertising agents, have issued to a limited number of authors the following notice, dated from 164, Piccadilly, W.:

Messrs. Street & Co. notify that they receive and supply to the daily and weekly papers domestic and society news. One copy only of any paragraph is required, and in no case does the fee exceed that made by the paper.

"But by which paper of the twenty or a hundred, with varying tariffs, in which it may appear?" asks the interested correspondent who sends us the circular announcing this rather novel form of journalistic middlemanship.

THE Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, whose serious illness has been announced, is known to the public principally as the owner of the large London property which came to her twenty years ago on the death of her brother, the fifth Duke of Portland, and, in a much less degree, as the holder of a Scottish property she inherited from her sister, Lady Ossington. Lady Howard de Walden herself, however, takes her greatest if not her only pride in the fact that Lord George Bentinck was her brother. She is the sole survivor of that large family of brothers and sisters, and it is to be hoped that she will yet live to see the new edition of *Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography*, which was called for some time ago in this column, and which is likely shortly to appear under the editorship of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli.

THE old lines, which one has had time to forget, but



which in some form linger on in the mind from the occasion of a first meeting with them in boyhood,

When coals to Newcastle are carried,  
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,

no longer carry any sting in their last allusion. The Marquis of Londonderry of to-day has had an heir for the last one-and-twenty years, and his tenantry, especially in Ireland, have kept this week the coming of age of Lord Castlereagh. The childless head of this family of the Stewarts, who have also been Tempests and Vanes and Vane-Tempests, but have retaken to their Stewart again during the present Lord Londonderry's life, was, of course, the famous politician, and his unfruitful marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamshire was the point of a good many lampoons and jests besides Byron's.

THE Duke of York, who does not forget that he takes his title from the North Country, and who has already paid more visits to its territorial magnates than any Prince has paid in recent years, will go a little further north still towards the end of the year as the guest of the Earl of Durham at Lambton Castle. Lord Durham, to all intents a bachelor, entertains comparatively little in the North. He is nothing if not a Londoner. But, if put to it, he can display northern hospitality to perfection; and though a sight of the chimneys of coal-pits are not easily dodged in his domains, and the trail of the serpent smoke is to be found in the recesses of his woods, he can offer his guests the best of sport and the pleasures of a well-assorted party.

MR. ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING is translating into brick and marble the cheque sent him by the publishers of his parents' love-letters. He is building himself a new studio in Venice, and that is just what the married poets would have wished. With a studio of his own arranging, Mr. Barrett Browning will resume again his long-discarded brushes, with results which the public will watch with interest, if only because he is the child of his parents. His works have at least the "literary interest" in a sense of the term rather different from the usual. That they may have the artistic interest too is not impossible: that great hope of his father may be realised, and may be helped to realisation by the new and particularly favourable conditions.

## Correspondence.

### La Jeune France et le Vieux Shakespeare.

MONSIEUR,—Croyez-vous vraiment—on le dirait à lire votre Gilles-Shakespeare du 24 Juin—que nous en soyons restés aux opinions de Voltaire sur Shakespeare, et qu'au fond du cœur nous n'ayons pas cessé de lui reprocher sa grossièreté et sa barbarie? Ces lignes que vous citez, savez-vous qu'elles ont été la risée de deux ou trois générations de Français, et la preuve souvent invoquée des changements survenus dans notre goût public? Quand Voltaire les écrivit, par jalousie de poète sans doute—le pauvre Voltaire se croyait grand poète—le public français pouvait encore lire la *Henriade* sans bailler, et se délectait à voir jouer des tragédies platement rimées, dont le titre seul aujourd'hui nous endort. L'Art Poétique de Boileau était alors considéré comme le code éternel des belles-lettres; ce n'est plus aujourd'hui qu'un instrument de supplice à l'usage des collégiens de quinze ans, ou, si vous voulez, un appareil scientifique qui permet de mesurer le degré d'ennui qu'on peut supporter sans en mourir. Le public du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle ne voulait voir partout que

mesure, civilités et bienséances: c'est un reproche qu'on fait assez souvent à nos auteurs modernes, de négliger quelque peu les unes et les autres. Si peut-être, au cours de nos révolutions littéraires—non moins profondes que nos révolutions politiques—nous avons perdu l'exquise politesse de nos arrière-grands-pères, en revanche nous avons appris à comprendre beaucoup de choses qu'ils méprisaient sans les connaître.

Ducis, quand il se mêla d'adapter *Othello* et *Macbeth*, écrivit des pièces assez ridicules: nous sommes les premiers en France à nous en égayer. Mais il serait juste, au sens du mot *fair*, d'ajouter qu'avant Garrick on jouait en Angleterre des adaptations qui ne valaient pas beaucoup mieux que celles de Ducis. Le docteur Johnson, Forbes, et bien d'autres, ne sont guère plus tendres pour Shakespeare que Voltaire lui-même. Par contre, nous sommes tombés plus que vous dans l'excès opposé. Pour nos romantiques, Shakespeare a été simplement un dieu. Ce qui dans ses œuvres avait paru bizarre ou choquant à leurs prédécesseurs leur a semblé par là même digne d'une admiration particulière. Théophile Gautier a écrit plusieurs pages pour montrer que l'apostrophe: "Well said, old mole!"—que Forbes Robertson supprime à la scène, je crois—est du dernier sublime. François Victor-Hugo et E. Montégut se sont plu à traduire les passages les plus simples du monde par des violences et des trivialités de leur crû, qu'ils y découvriraient de bonne foi. Victor-Hugo, dans le volume de divagations extatiques, ou d'extases divagantes, qu'il a consacré à Shakespeare, l'appelle un homme-océan: que vous faut-il de plus?

Ce temps de fanatisme littéraire est passé. Mais il n'a pas été suivi d'une réaction qui nous ait ramené à Voltaire, et nous aimons Shakespeare autant que jamais, quoique plus sobres dans nos transports. Ce n'est pas nous qui retardons d'un siècle; c'est peut-être vous, Monsieur, dans l'idée que vous vous faites de la France et du goût français. Il m'a semblé souvent que vos compatriotes ont une tendance à nous voir tels que nous étions il y a fort longtemps. Ou plutôt tels qu'étaient nos émigrés de la Révolution, que vous avez vus ici, incapables de rien oublier comme de rien apprendre, et gagnant leur vie en exerçant quelques métiers d'ancien régime. Avouez le: pour vous un Français est toujours plus ou moins cuisinier, maître d'armes, perruquier, ou professeur de danse et de maintien. La psychologie de ces gens-là ne saurait admettre, évidemment, l'intelligence et l'admiration de Shakespeare. Mais peut-être aussi serait elle insuffisante à expliquer l'esprit français d'à présent, renouvelé par le contact et l'étude de la pensée étrangère, accoutumé aux plus grandes audaces par l'exercice illimité du libre examen, ouvert à tous les problèmes et agité pour les résoudre de passions véhémentes et tragiques. Nous fournirions assez de sujets de drame à un nouveau Shakespeare s'il s'en pouvait trouver. Voltaire n'avait pas vu la Révolution. Voltaire n'était pas contemporain de Taine, d'Emile Zola, ni de l'affaire Dreyfus.

Veillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

Londres: 3 Juillet, 1899.

PAUL MANTOUX.

## Literary Disguises.

SIR,—The irritating frequency of reviewers' mistakes as to the identity of those who adopt well-known pseudonyms for their works tempts me to invoke the aid of your readers to discover a remedy for such ignorance.

It occurs to me how the simple employment of inverted commas might act as a useful indicator and corrective. But doubtless this notion might be vastly improved upon. Suggestions would be welcomed by many victims.—I am, &c.,

Cecil Clarke.

Authors' Club, S.W.: July 25, 1899.

## Our Literary Competitions.

### Result of Competition No. 42.

WE asked last week for "Literary Learics," that is to say, criticisms of living authors in the manner, more or less, of the following example by Father Russell:

Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell  
In Latin is brisk as a squirrel;  
And e'en his Greek prose  
As pleasantly flows  
As the English of Lang or of Birrell.

The best of the new ones is, we think, the following, by Miss Elizabeth F. Stevenson, Kenton Lodge, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

IAN MACLAREN.

Our minister, Ian MacLaren,  
Of copy will never be barren.  
Just a smile and a tear  
In a dialect queer—  
And he's read from the Thames to Loch Carron.

Among the others are no fewer than ten of which Mr. Kipling is the subject, most of their authors finding "stripling" an invaluable rhyme. We quote a few of the better "Learics":

MR. KIPLING.

Those juvenile "Ditties" of Kipling,  
Like brooklets ran flashing and rippling:  
Now laboured and strong  
Swirls the tide of his song;  
But the Giant charms less than the Stripling.

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

There's a poet called Kipling whose tone,  
Though changeable, is always his own;  
He's himself when he swears,  
Writes Recessional prayers,  
Or picks with his Agent a bone.

[W. M., Dunkeld.]

MISS C. M. YONGE.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge is a writer,  
Whose stories make school-girls' lives brighter,  
But her scope it is small,  
She's no humour at all,  
So male readers generally slight her.

[J. D. W., London.]

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

A drawer of water, a hewer  
Of books that one wishes were fewer,  
A preacher, professor,  
Defender, oppressor,  
In fact, in one word—a reviewer.

[T. C., Buxted.]

MR. H. D. TRAILL.

O! Harry, cognomen Traill  
May excellent fortune prevail!  
If wit and good sense  
May procure a man peace,  
You will not have reason to fail.

[C. S. O., Malvern.]

MR. BRYCE, M.P.

Most pleasant historian, James Bryce,  
In English so brilliantly nice;  
So lucid and clear  
That dull facts appear  
Full of interest, to charm and entice.

[E. C. H., Bradford.]

MR. ARCHER.

The best of all critics to-day  
Is undoubtedly W. A.,  
For views that are sound,  
And opinions profound,  
There is no one like W. A.

[A. M., London.]

MR. CROCKETT.

A novelist named Mr. Crockett  
Soared up to the sky like a rocket,  
Some critics may say  
"He's not likely to stay,"  
But they envy the state of his pocket.

[H. B. K., Brockley.]

Oh, great is the genius of Crockett!  
His storehouse is always "unlockit,"  
For murders and feuds,  
And troubles of dudes,  
He carries them all in his pocket!

[T. J., Lincoln.]

Answers were received also from: G. W., Hull; C. E. H., Richmond; J. A. H., London; P. W., Hastings; B. C., Redhill; E. H., Stroud; M. N. A., Beckenham; Miss G., Reigate; L. K., Highgate; W. E. T., Caterham; T. B. D., Bridgwater; M. O. K., Dublin; F. W. H., Cardiff; A. G., Cheltenham; H. R. P., London; E. M., London; B. B., Birmingham; S. F. C. B., London; H. P. B., Glasgow; A. A., London; M. P., Nutfield.

### Competition No. 43.

THIS is the time for anything rather than serious reading: the time for swimming and rowing and basking and playing cricket and living the outdoor life. A little reading is pleasant, of course, but if ever there was a season for not desiring books as books—books in the aggregate—it is now. Hence this is eminently the time to express a wholesale condemnation of reading. We offer a prize of a guinea for the best verses against books. We leave metre and form to competitors, who may be as brief as they like, but must not exceed 24 lines.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, August 1. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 120 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names—both Christian name and surname—and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon, or stamps for the same; otherwise the first to be looked at will alone be considered.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, July 27.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Gilbert (G. H.), *The Student's Life of Paul* ..... (Macmillan) net 8/0  
Nicoll (W. R.), *The Expositor*, Vol. IX. .... (Hodder & Stoughton) 7/6

#### POETRY.

Machar (A. M.), *Lays of the "True North"* ..... (Stock)

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Wilson (W.), *The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics* ..... (Isbister) 7/6  
Cassons (J.), *A Glance at Current History* ..... (Cassons: Glen Allen, Va.) 3/6  
Muirson (A. F.), *King Robert the Bruce* ..... (Oliphant) 1/6

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Lindley (P.), *Tourist Guide to the Continent* (Great Eastern Railway Co.) 6d.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Lyde (L. W.), *The Age of Drake* ..... (Black) 1/0  
Auden (H. W.), *Greek Prose Phrase-Book* ..... (Blackwood) 3/6  
Pressland (A. J.) and Tweedie (C.), *Elementary Trigonometry* ..... (Oliver & Boyd) 2/6

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Louis (H.), *A Handbook of Gold Milling* ..... (Macmillan) net 10/0  
Pike (R.), *Life's Borderland and Beyond* ..... (Simpkin Marshall) 3/6  
Allbutt (T. C.), *A System of Medicine* ..... (Macmillan) net 25/0  
*A Guide to the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities* ..... (British Museum) 6d.  
*Handbook of British, Continental, and Canadian Universities* ..... (Macmillan) 3/0  
*Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation*, No 2 ..... (Murray)

#### NEW EDITIONS.

Whympers (E.), *A Guide to Zermatt* ..... (Murray) net 3/0  
Whympers (E.), *A Guide to Chamounix and the Range of Mont Blanc* ..... (Murray) net 3/0  
Darmpsteter (A.), *An Historical French Grammar* ..... (Macmillan) 12/6  
Lindsay (R.), *An Introduction to the Study of Zoology* ..... (Sonnenschein) 6/0  
Shakespeare, *Eversley Edition*, Vol. VII. .... (Macmillan) 5/0  
Herrick, *Hesperides*, Temple Classics, 2 vols. .... (Dent) each 1/6

\* \* \* *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*



## Announcements.

WE understand that Mr. Lionel Decle's book on the French Army, which will lose nothing in interest by appearing on the eve of the Dreyfus trial in Rennes, will throw an unexpected light upon the "lamentable" condition of the French Army of to-day which made the whole disgraceful *affaire* possible. Mr. Decle served for some years as a private soldier in one of the chief cavalry regiments. Mr. Heinemann will publish the book shortly under the title *Trooper 3809*.

MR. ARNOLD WHITE was commissioned by Baron Hirsch to inquire into the condition of the Jews in the different countries of Europe in connexion with his Jewish colonisation scheme for the Argentine Republic. His report takes the shape of a volume on the whole condition in Western civilisation of the Jewish race, which will be published by Mr. Heinemann at the beginning of next month.

MESSRS. METHUEN are about to publish a completely new edition of Mr. Baring Gould's *Life of R. S. Hawker*. The book, which is known as *The Vicar of Morwenstow*, has been out of print for many years, and has been practically unobtainable in England. Mr. Baring Gould has carefully revised the book, and it will be published at the popular price of 3s. 6d.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish this week *A Constitutional and Political History of Rome*, by Mr. T. M. Taylor, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Mr. Taylor succeeded Mr. Walter Wren in the well-known establishment at Powis-square.

THE same firm will publish in a few days a new book by Mr. Eden Philpotts, the author of *The Children of the Mist*, &c., entitled *The Human Boy*. In this volume of stories Mr. Eden Philpotts elaborates his own theory of schoolboy humour.

THE Empress Frederick has accepted a copy of *Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens*, which the author, Mrs. Catherine Bearne, has lately sent her.

A SECOND edition of *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken* will be published by The Macmillan Company in America.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO. will publish in a day or two a volume by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, entitled *British Policy in South Africa*, reproducing in a revised form the author's articles on "The Crisis" which lately appeared in the *Morning Post*.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS is about to publish two volumes of Wagner's letters—*Wagner's Letters to Wesendonck* and *Wagner's Letters to Keckel*. In each case the translation is the work of Mr. William Ashton Ellis.

## A WORD-BOOK

AND

## A FACT-BOOK.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is a fact-book and word-book combined. It is a new work on a new plan—giving, for the first time, every form of spelling, pronunciation, and usage known, whether English, American, Australian, provincial or colloquial. It consists of eight sumptuous volumes; 7,000 large quarto pages; 500,000 definitions; 7,500 illustrations; 300,000 quotations; and the editorial cost, alone, of the work was more than £200,000.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is issued by the *Times* upon the plan of monthly payments which proved so successful in the case of the *Times* Reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Specimen pages, order forms, and full information may be obtained, gratis and post free, upon application to the MANAGER of the *TIMES*, Printing House Square, London, E.C. Copies of the Dictionary in the various styles of binding may be examined at the Office of the *Times*; at the Advertising Agency of Messrs. STREET & CO. 164, Piccadilly; or at the establishment of Messrs. CHAPPELL & CO., Pianoforte Manufacturers, 50, New Bond Street. At any of these three addresses orders may be booked.

MR. JOHN LONG'S  
NEW LIST.

Second Large Edition of  
MRS. LOVETT CAMERON'S NEW NOVEL.  
THE CRAZE OF CHRISTINA.

Art vellum, gilt, 6s.

"An amusing book is always sure of a welcome and 'The Craze of Christina' should be popular. Mrs. Lovett Cameron hits upon a genuinely comic idea, and she develops it with skill. Mrs. Lovett Cameron means to entertain her readers, and entertain them she does."—*The World*.

ESMÉ STUART'S NEW NOVEL.  
IN THE DARK.

By the Author of "Sent to Coventry," &c. Art vellum, gilt, 6s.

T. W. SPEIGHT'S NEW NOVEL.  
THE CRIME IN THE WOOD.

By the Author of "The Doom of Siva," &c. In striking picture cover, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

WILLIAM S. WALKER'S NEW BOOK.  
FROM THE LAND OF THE WOMBAT.

By the Author of "When the Mopoke Calls," &c. In striking picture cover, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. Fully illustrated.

G. G. CHATTERTON'S NEW NOVEL.  
THE SPORT OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

Art vellum, gilt, 3s. 6d.  
*Athenæum*.—"The book is interesting and clever throughout, and has good literature in it."

A NEW EDITION.  
THE STORY OF A  
CAMPAIGN ESTATE.

By ROBERT THYNNE, Author of "Irish Holidays," &c. Cloth gilt, 6s.

London: JOHN LONG, 6, Chandos St., Strand.

## LONGMANS &amp; CO.'S LIST.

8vo, 18s.

THE SIX SYSTEMS OF  
INDIAN PHILOSOPHY.

By the Right Hon.

F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M.,

Foreign Member of the French Institute.

NEW AND CHEAPER IMPRESSION.  
LEDDY MARGET.

By L. B. WALFORD,

Author of "Mr. Smith," &c.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

*Spectator*.—"Mrs. Walford has seldom given us anything better than this picture of a lovable yet unconventional old age."

*Fall Mall Gazette*.—"An ideal story to read on a sunny afternoon under an apple tree. .... A story which does one good."

TWO NEW VOLUMES OF THE  
"SILVER LIBRARY."

THE EARLY HISTORY OF  
CHARLES JAMES FOX.

By the Right Hon.

Sir G. O. TREVELYAN, Bart.

New Impression. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF  
ERASMUS.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

New Impression. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,  
London, New York, and Bombay.

## PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY."

The following have appeared, and the numbers containing them can still be obtained; or Complete Sets may be had separately for 3s. 6d.:-

BEN JONSON.  
JOHN KEATS.  
SIR JOHN SUCKLING.  
TOM HOOD.  
THOMAS GRAY.  
ROBERT LOUIS

STEVENSON.  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.  
THOMAS DE QUINCEY.  
LEIGH HUNT.  
LORD MACAULAY.  
ROBERT SOUTHLEY.  
S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHARLES LAMB.  
MICHAEL DRAYTON.  
WALTER SAVAGE  
LANDOR.

SAMUEL PEPPYS.  
EDMUND WALLER.  
WILKIE COLLINS.  
JOHN MILTON.  
WILLIAM COWPER.  
CHARLES DARWIN.  
ALFRED, LORD

TENNYSON.  
HENRY WADSWORTH  
LONGFELLOW.

ANDREW MARVELL.  
ROBERT BROWNING.  
THOMAS CARLYLE.  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY  
CHARLES DICKENS.  
JONATHAN SWIFT.  
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE  
THACKERAY.

WILLIAM BLAKE.  
SIR RICHARD STEELE.  
ALEXANDER POPE.  
DOUGLAS JERROLD.  
FRANCIS BACON.  
HENRIK IBSEN.

An American Transport  
in the Crimean War.

By Capt. CODMAN.

This work is particularly interesting to students of naval warfare. "Capt. Codman relates his experiences of an American Chartered Transport in the Crimean War. The Crimean War is the connecting link between old and modern methods of warfare."

Frontispiece. 198 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON & CO.

## CATALOGUES.

**WILLIAMS & NORGATE,**  
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN BOOKS,  
4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 26, South Frederick St.  
Edinburgh, and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.

CATALOGUES post free on application.

**FOREIGN BOOKS and PERIODICALS**  
promptly supplied on moderate terms.  
CATALOGUES on application.

DULAU & CO., 27, SOHO SQUARE.

IMPORTANT.—PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.  
**NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS, &c.**  
—KING, SELL & RAILTON, Limited, high-class  
Printers and Publishers, 18, Gough Square, 4, Bolt Court, Fleet  
Street, E.C.4, have specially-built Rotary and other fast Machines  
for printing illustrated or other Publications and specially-built  
Machines for fast folding and covering 8, 16, 24, or 32-page  
Journals at one operation.

Advice and assistance given to anyone wishing to commence  
New Journals.  
Facilities upon the premises for Editorial Offices free. Adver-  
tising and Publishing Departments conducted.

Telephone 46121. Telegraph "Africanism, London."

**BOOKS WANTED, at Prices affixed.**—  
"Snob and Gownsmen," 1829-30, 4s.—"The Germ,"  
1830, 4s.—"Old Paris," 1878, 4s.—"The Lover's Tale," 1833, 4s.  
—"Borrow's" "Wild Wales," 1852, 2s.—"Moore's" "Alps in 1864," 4s.  
—"Titmarsh's" "Comic Tales," 1841, 4s.—"Queen Mab," 1813, 4s.  
—"Alice in Wonderland," 1860, 4s.—"Faulstich: a Fragment,"  
1833, 4s. 2,000 Books Wanted at fancy prices. List free.—  
EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, Birmingham.

**LITERARY RESEARCH.**—A Gentleman,  
experienced in Literary Work, and who has access to the  
British Museum Reading Room, is open to arrange with  
Author or any person requiring assistance in Literary Re-  
search, or in seeing Work through the Press. Translations  
undertaken from French, Italian, or Spanish. —Apply, by  
letter, to D. C. DALLAS, 6, Farnival Street, London, E.C.

**TYPE-WRITING** promptly and accurately  
done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Samples and references.  
Multi-Copies.—Address, Miss E. M., 18, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.

**THE SOLICITORS' TYPE-WRITING CO.,**  
6th, Lincoln's Inn Fields, type AUTHORS' MSS., in-  
telligently and quickly. Special rates for contracts. Typing  
in foreign languages.

**ESTABLISHED 1851.**  
**BIRKBECK BANK,**  
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.  
TWO-AND-A-HALF PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on  
DEPOSITS repayable on demand.  
TWO PER CENT. ON CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the mini-  
mum monthly balance, when not drawn below 2s.  
STOCKS, SHARES, AND ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.**  
For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums  
on deposit and allows interest monthly on each completed 2s.

**BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.**  
HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE  
FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH.

**BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.**  
HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND  
FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free  
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

A THIN COCOA.

## EPPS'S

The choicest roasted nibs of the natural Cocoa on being  
subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their  
excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—a pro-  
duct which, when prepared with boiling water, has the con-  
sistence of tea, of which it is now with many, beneficially taking  
the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant,  
supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system.  
Sold only in labelled tins. If unable to obtain it of your  
tradesman, a tin will be sent post free for 9 stamps.—JAMES  
EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London.

## COCOA ESSENCE

The Old Series of **THE ACADEMY**, which  
ended on October 1st, completed a volume.  
The Index can be obtained gratis on appli-  
cation to the Publisher.

## UNIVERSITY of GLASGOW.

### CHAIR OF HISTORY.

The University Court of the University of Glasgow will at an  
early date proceed to APPOINT a PROFESSOR to occupy the  
above Chair in this University, recently rendered vacant.  
The Professor will be required to enter on his duties as from  
1st October next, from which date the appointment will take  
effect.

The normal salary of the Chair is £900, subject to § VIII. (2)  
and (3) of Ordinance No. 25. The appointment is made *ad vitam*  
and *ex officio*, and carries with it the right to a pension on con-  
ditions prescribed by Ordinance.

Each applicant should lodge with the undersigned, who will  
furnish any further information desired, twenty copies of his  
application and twenty copies of any testimonials he may  
desire to submit, on or before 15th September next.

ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,

Secretary of the Glasgow University Court.

91, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

## ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.

LAST WEEK.

The EXHIBITION will CLOSE on the EVENING of  
MONDAY, AUGUST 7.

## ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.

EVENING EXHIBITION.

The EXHIBITION will be OPEN in the EVENING from  
MONDAY, JULY 31, to MONDAY, AUGUST 7 (Bank Holiday),  
from 7.30 to 10.30. Admission, 6d. Catalogue, 6d. On BANK  
HOLIDAY, the admission throughout the day will be 6d., on  
other days it will be usual.

## COLLEGE of PRECEPTORS, Bloomsbury

Square, W.C.—The Council of the College of Preceptors  
will shortly proceed to the APPOINTMENT of an additional  
EXAMINER in MATHEMATICS and an additional EX-  
AMINER in GERMAN. Candidates must be Graduates (with  
a preference to those who have taken high honours), and  
should have had considerable experience in Teaching. —Applica-  
tions (twenty copies), stating age, experience, &c., should be  
addressed to the Dean of the College not later than August 21.  
If testimonials are sent they should be not more than three in  
number, and twenty copies of each should be forwarded.

C. R. HODGSON, B.A., Secretary.

## MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months,  
and 12 Months

CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR BOOKS  
of the SEASON ARE NOW in  
CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

## BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE  
(Second Hand). Also a large Selection of

## BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS

SUITABLE FOR

## BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;  
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria  
Street, E.C., LONDON;  
And at 10-12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

## "THE ACADEMY" LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

No. 43.

All readers attempting this week's  
Competition (described fully on page  
118) must cut out this Coupon  
and enclose it with their reply.

## THE

## RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S LIST.

## THE SUPPER OF THE LORD.

By HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D.,  
Norrisian Professor of Divinity, Fellow  
of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge,  
and Hon. Chaplain to the Queen.  
Price 3d., on good paper and in cover,  
or in a special cheap form, 1d. net.

"A very able statement of the controversy."  
*Spectator.*

"For the perfect urbanity and the scholarly ability  
with which he presents his case, we have nothing but  
praise."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"An excellent text-book for class-meetings and  
Bible-classes."—*Methodist Times.*

## GOD FIRST;

OR,

Hester Needham's Work in Sumatra.

Her Letters and Diaries arranged by  
MARY ENFIELD. With a Preface by  
the late Miss S. G. STOCK. Portrait  
and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.,  
cloth boards.

"It cannot but be read with interest by all who are  
concerned to further the progress of missionary  
enterprise abroad."—*Scotsman.*

"One cannot but admire her pluck and serenity in  
very trying circumstances."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"A pathetic narrative of great suffering endured  
not with patience only, but with the most confident  
hope."—*Spectator.*

## UNSEAL THE BOOK.

Practical Words for Plain Readers of  
Holy Scripture. By Mrs. ASHLEY  
CARUS-WILSON (MARY L. G. PETRIE,  
B.A.). Crown 8vo, 2s., cloth boards.

"There is a fine freedom in the author's methods  
and recommendations, the result of distinguishing  
the matter from the spirit of Scripture. We shall  
lose no time by reading this book, though it is often  
lost time to read books about the Bible and leave the  
Bible itself unread. And it is so saturated with clever  
modern examples of the mistakes that are made in  
misreading the Bible, that the reading of it is a  
very great delight."—*Expository Times.*

"Will prove useful and suggestive to Sunday-school  
teachers."—*Scotsman.*

## RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN. Author of  
"Wild Nature Won by Kindness," &c.  
With 130 Illustrations. Large crown  
8vo, 5s., cloth boards, gilt edges.

"An admirable little guide for all who are weary of  
bricks and mortar."—*Academy.*

"A book which will help both teacher and pupil to  
see, and thus open up a new world for observation,  
experiment, and research."—*Echo.*

"Well written, well printed, and capitally illus-  
trated."—*Literature.*

"A work of this kind is worth many tomes of the  
kind which unfortunately often do duty for school  
rewards."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Published at 56, Paternoster Row, London.



